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Stuart P. Sherman

STUART P. SHERMAN, the ablest and most penetrating scholar critic of our generation in America, has died at the moment when his powers were greatest. His sudden death will be felt as a personal loss by every reader who has the interests of sound literature and good living at heart.

Stuart Sherman was trained in that scholarship of the beginning of the century which sought the minutest facts with a passion which disdained to weigh the value of results. Before living these scholars wished to know, and knowledge of the source of a medieval fable was as sacred to them as the beauty of holiness or the meaning of Faust. Against this system Sherman was a rebel from the first, yet in his work at Harvard he mastered the methods of his teachers before criticizing them, and so emerged with the flame of the love of literature still alight where others had quenched it, but with the scholar's tireless patience and the scholar's equipment of wide and accurate knowledge which his predecessors in American literary criticism—Lowell and Howells and Poe and Warner and Mitchell and Mabie—had often lacked.

Then he went West to Illinois and, like so many congenital New Englanders before him, became an idealist of the Mississippi Valley, an intellectual aristocrat committed to the spiritual salvation of democracy. His best books date from this period when, with a stern joy, he swept pedantic triflings out of the way, returned half-baked modernisms to the maternal dough, and gave us the best interpretation of the ideal American mind. A great puritan himself, who had escaped the narrow meagreness of his forefathers, Sherman championed the puritan spirit in American life, and was down like a blast from the north upon careless advocates of license and easy living. A reader of austere taste, yet human as all wits and epigrammatists (and he was both) must be, he proclaimed the living standards of great writing when every cabbage or cauliflower was being called a rose. A New Englander, a Westerner, a thorough-going American, he knew this country far better than most scholars and many journalists, and yet brought to his interpretation a culture that was European in the best sense. Although he was for twenty years a notable teacher of English literature, and his books and essays on such English writers as Matthew Arnold and Wordsworth are admirable, it will be as an American critic of American life and literature that he will be ultimately remembered.

Like many prudent men he hesitated to commit himself to the turmoil of contemporary writing, although certain tentatives of his own had shown how much creative power was mingled with his critical faculty. His own perspective was so long that the fuss over progress and experiment seemed to him a little absurd. The modernists of ten years ago suffered by his pen, and his passionate conservatism shocked them as much as it cheered the onlookers who knew that unless the good old times found a champion and interpreter, the fine new day was likely to end in a fog. But he grew restless, as a creative spirit will, in a rôle which was being too readily granted him. He felt, too, one suspects, the disadvantages as well as the advantages of living remote from a metropolis. That distrust, and fear, of New York, which has colored so much American thinking and feeling in late years, he felt, and the suspicion was a barrier to his growth. He determined to bell the New York cat, and therefore gave up the academic life for good, and became literary editor of *The New York Herald-Tribune*.

The two years of his New York editorship were most interesting to his friends and admirers. From a caustic skeptic of contemporary books he became a sympathetic reader, willing to learn and to praise. His mind, which once had seemed to be governed exclusively by principle or prejudice, softened and grew flexible. He who had dealt only with the mighty ones of letters now wrote of good, bad, or indifferent alike: travel books, trivial novels, passing essays, along with Anatole France, Byron, and Poe. There was an immediate gain in interest, but a loss in power. Although in New York he lived as simply and almost as quietly as in his Illinois home, he seemed to yield his will for the time to the great city, to be blown with the winds of doctrine with somewhat of New York's tolerance, to share with New York the excitement over this

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Her Soul In Every Part

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

SINFUL it is to say her soul keeps house
In the dark, narrow house of bone, her head;
Spiders haunt such places, and gray thoughts
Hang silent there like gnats and flies sucked dead.

No. . . . She who has the sunset in her palms
Has her soul in every part and place;
Her arms have reason, and her limbs can think
Like the limbs of runners in a race.

Her hair is running mercy like the rain,
Her throat is eloquence beyond the rose;
The comeliness and beauty of her flesh
Sings like angels underneath her clothes.

She thinks as white anemones must think
When they spread themselves to April's air;
Her thoughts shine through her skin as angels' do;
Her least shy touch is something of a prayer.

This Week

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"A Mirror to France." Reviewed by *Dorothy Canfield Fisher.*

Winthrop M. Praed

By CAMERON ROGERS

IN a day when much of the current and accepted wit was sheer discourtesy and when the manners of gentlemen of fashion might easily have been confounded with those of horse boys, Winthrop Mackworth Praed offered a comparison in which even such a disagreeable young man as Edward Bulwer, afterwards the first Lord Lytton, might rejoice. Bulwer, his contemporary at Oxford, spoke of him as being, from the personal interest he excited, to the University what Byron was to the world, but there the similarity ceased. If only because Praed was a gentleman and the Byrons, though possibly Bloods, were singularly and uncandidly bred. While Byron was begetting Allegra and outwearing a pose, Praed was astonishing Eton with Latin and Greek verses, and developing that quality which is the leaven of letters as it is of Society, a wit that does not offend. Time has been unkind to him and has refused to forgive him for a talent that never burgeoned into genius, just as it would like to forget, and but for unsubtle meddlers, would forget, Byron's bad manners. Though it holds ever with genius, Times comes to despise talent and Praed, in his generation a most beloved and admired gentleman, has something suffered with the years.

Born in 1802 of an ancient family resident in London and in Devon, he entered Eton in 1814 just four years after the departure from that college of Percy Bysshe Shelley, whom Praed's elder brother, William, doubtless remembered as a youth undistinguished for anything save an ability to screech and an aversion to fag-masters. Praed would have had no sympathy with Shelley, being, even as a small boy, brilliant but conventional and nothing, certainly, of an atheist. Besides he was one marked for advancement and the redoubtable Keats, not, as M. André Maurois supposed, headmaster in Shelley's time, looked upon him with favor. He achieved and was highly commended for his Latin verses and in 1820 greatly distinguished himself by establishing two short-lived but able school periodicals, the *Apis Matin* and later the *Etonian*. At eighteen a delicate, faintly sardonic, gaunt-faced youth, he had reached that stage in his development as a wit where contemporaries and even the sires of contemporaries would, in the hour of port and anecdotage, preface their contributions to the wheeling talk with "Here's a good thing Praed said the other day." In this respect he resembled that charming character who has been called his companion scholar-wit of the century, the old Harrovian and Cantab, Charles Stuart Calverley. Praed, as did later Calverley, came to command from his generation a loyalty to his epigrams and sallies that only faltered with its gradual decimation, but the sons and grandsons of his liege admirers forgot him to follow the more attractive inheritor of his manner. The essential difference between Praed and Calverley lies not in the respective calibres of their wit but in the fact that Praed's verses spring from the thin and ever-shifting soil of society while Calverley's are rooted in a greater and more fecund field, the nature of humanity. Praed, however, found the times out of joint for any but small talk that like the egregious Prince-Regent's, and even like Brummell's, dealt in personalities so coarse as to be Billingsgate with the aspirates intact. The repartee of the bucks and the Corinthians was muddy and he was born to cleanse and charge it with vitality, while Calverley had no such function to fulfil or disadvantages under which to compose.

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He went up to Trinity College, Oxford, in the fall of 1821, a young gentleman of fashion with a brilliant reputation. Bulwer who met him was at once struck with his appearance and personality.

> In our lecture-rooms one face instantly arrested my eye; a face pale, long, worn, with large eyes and hollow cheeks, but not without a certain kind of beauty, and superior to all in that room for its expression of keen intelligence. The young man who thus attracted my notice was Winthrop Mackworth Praed, the editor, and the most sparkling contributor to a magazine set up at Eton, and called *The Etonian;* a scholar of remarkable eloquence and brilliance, carrying off in the course of his University career, prizes in Greek, Latin, and English, the readiest and most pungent speaker at the Union Debating Society; the liveliest wit in private circles; in a word, the young man of whom the highest expectations were formed.

Remarkable for Bulwer but a statement that he cannot bear to leave untouched. Bulwer as well as Macaulay and other younger men who were to become distinguished as Parliamentarians, spoke frequently at the Union, and rivalry was an attendant element. Touching Praed's speeches, made, most of them, doubtless with the tongue in the long, gaunt cheek, the future Lord Lytton remarks that though he was unquestionably "first in readiness and wit, in extempore reply, in aptness of argument and illustration, in all that belongs to the stage-play of delivery, he wanted all the higher gifts of eloquence. He had no passion, he had but little power, he confided too much in his facility, and prepared so lightly the matter of his speeches, that they were singularly deficient in knowledge and substance. In fact, he seemed to learn his subject from the speeches of those who went before him."

In itself no small thing to accomplish. It is interesting to observe that he gained much the same prizes and scholarships that Calverley was, some thirty years later, to carry away. In 1822 Sir William Browne's medal for the Greek Ode and for the Epigrams; in 1823 the same medal for the Ode, in 1824 the same medal for the Epigrams, and in both 1823 and 1824 the Chancellor's medal for English verse. When in 1830 he gained the Seatonian prizes, his reputation like that of Canning who was rescued from the slums to become the particular star of the two most aristocratic institutions of learning in England, Eton and Christchurch, at Oxford, was so considerable as to warrant the mention of his name in speeches in the Commons.

Praed, however, on quitting Oxford in the autumn of 1825 returned to Eton as tutor to the Lord Ernest Bruce, a younger son of the Marquis of Ailesbury, and there remained for two years. His school preserved for him an extraordinary and undying fascination and as in that English soldier who, before he died in an untravelled jungle in the Dekkan peninsula, wished engraved upon the rough slab that was to mark the place of his repose, his name and only the one remark "An Old Etonian," Praed's glory in Eton was as deeply sown as his love for England.

> Twelve years ago I made a mock
> Of filthy trades and traffics;
> I wondered what they meant by stock;
> I wrote delightful sapphics:
> I knew the streets of Rome and Troy,
> I supped with fates and furies;
> Twelve years ago I was a boy,
> A happy boy, at Drury's.

The Eton that he remembered was far from being the horrid academy of brutes and imbeciles that did Shelley, who would in any institution of organized curricula have been an impossible inmate. Praed was popular at school not because he was an athlete but because he possessed an extraordinary intelligence and a gift for verse, qualities that never lacked for appreciation at Eton. Unlike the genius, however, he possessed self-control and a pleasing amount of selflessness, and then too, there was his sense of humor. The Philistinism of the Public Schools beneath which some have believed that such fine spirits as Shelley's suffered, was largely mythical, and was never more so than at Eton where even Swinburne was extremely happy. Calverley at Harrow, Lionel Johnson at Winchester, and Rupert Brooke at Rugby, were, whatever their abilities, no less fine in spirit than Shelley and each loved and was loved by his school. Praed's "School and School-fellows" of which the above is the admirable first stanza, is typical of the witty pathos and light music of his verse.

> Tom Mill was used to blacken eyes,
> Without the fear of sessions;
> Charles Medler loathed false quantities,
> As much as false professions.
> Now Mill keeps order in the land,
> A magistrate pedantic:
> And Meddler's feet repose, unscanned,
> Beneath the wide Atlantic.
> Wild Nick, whose oaths made such a din,
> Does Dr. Martext's duty;
> And Mullion, with that monstrous chin,
> Is married to a beauty;
> And Darrel studies, week by week,
> His Mant, and not his Manton;
> And Ball, who was but poor at Greek,
> Is very rich at Canton.

It may be well to observe in connection with Mant and Manton that the former was a bishop and an authority upon Divinity and the latter the name of one of the best fowling-pieces made not only then but now. Unlike Hood, with whom he may reasonably be compared, and who grappled with puns and was apt to throw them heavily, Praed fenced delicately with them and kept them, save in a few instances, at bay. When he left Eton and, having devoted himself to the study of law, was called to the bar in 1829, he entered upon a life of social as well as professional activity that led his mind to other themes but in that year he pronounced in this poem more than a perfunctory avowal of preference:

> I wish that I could run away
> From house, and court and levee,
> Where bearded men appear today,
> Just Eton boys, grown heavy.

In 1830 he entered the House of Commons as the member for St. Germans and though at Oxford he had professed Whiggism he made his parliamentary debut as a Tory introduced by the Great Duke himself, though Wellington knew him only by reputation. His maiden speech on the cotton duties made a sensation but that which he delivered upon the Reform Bill, since it was long past midnight when he caught the Speaker's eye and the House was pardonably sleepy, fell flat, an occurrence which much disheartened him. He was always handicapped in politics by the realization that he was looked upon as a coming young man, and consequently ringed round with certain individuals hopefully awaiting a slip. In 1832, St. Germans having, by the Reform Bill, lost its franchise, he unsuccessfully contested St. Ives in Cornwall and was eventually returned in 1834 as one of the members for Yarmouth. In the meanwhile he was much in demand in society and the exigencies of the season contributed material for the innumerable delightful *vers de société* which are far more interesting today than his championings of the Conservative policies. Creevy and Charles Greville have left no more interesting sketches of London society in the thirties than are these, nor in half so easily genial lines. Creevey, unjustifiably eupeptic considering the dinners that he ate in the houses of his rich friends, is nevertheless something acidulous and Greville mars outline with detail. Praed is witty but amiable and squanders no illusions.

Praed's London was that of a century ago and we have it in its glitterings as plainly in our minds as did he. It is somewhat sad but thoroughly natural to suppose that such a contemporary as Keats was to him not only a poetaster of questionable breeding but a bad poetaster into the bargain. To be confounded with Leigh Hunt, at that time always in bad odor as a low fellow editorially inclined, was an undoubted misfortune and Endymion was as open to criticism then as it is today though perhaps not as much as one might gather from those lines from "My Partner":

> Was she a blue?—I put my trust
> In strata, petals, gazes:
> A boudoir pedant?—I discussed
> The toga and the fasces;
> A cockney—muse?—I mouthed a deal
> Of folly from "Endymion."

Whatever Shelley's eccentricities might have seemed to Praed, a multitude of failings were undoubtedly covered by the solidity of his heritage and blood though those that were not, were for the same reason utterly unforgivable. A Cockney apothecary's assistant might be expected to do anything but not so a Sussex gentleman of breeding and estate.

Considering his political activities during the eight or nine years of his public life the amount of Praed's poetic endeavor is astonishing. His longer poems are now somewhat uninteresting as is the bulk of his serious verse, but he achieved a sufficient number of *vers de société* to make a volume while at the same time preparing and delivering his speeches in the House, contesting elections and defending His Grace of Wellington from the ill-natured attacks of those who believed, not without justice, that the patronage of the Duke's party was something excessive. Wellington was so pleased with him for this office, performed in 1833 in the *Morning Post,* that he invited him to Walmer Castle and for a time made him intimate with his plans and opinions. From 1834 to 1835 he was requested by Sir Robert Peel to serve during that Statesman's Premiership as Secretary for the Board of Control and in 1837 he found himself once more in the Commons, this time as the member for Aylesbury, for which borough he sat until his death.

He died of consumption in his London House in Chester Square in 1839. He was thirty-seven years old. The comparatively swift eclipse of this career heralded by an elder generation while yet scarce more than embryonic, the double flame of which had stirred not only scholars but veteran statesmen, recalls but another similarity between the destinies of Praed and Calverley who was doomed by the hideous consequences of a casual mishap to a life of inaction and slender yield. Praed died before he had made his mark, and before the promise of his abilities might ripen to achievement, even though the Lord John Russell with a regret perfunctory and not untinged with patronage might speak of him as a rising statesman. His ambition was to administer the policies of his country and to be remembered not by the histories of literature but by those of nations, and certainly had auspices been attendant at his birth or during the brilliant days of his young manhood their interpretations must have boded well for his desire. Like Calverley's, his star promised to be long crescent and fell suddenly and tragically upon the wane, and shone, after a little time, no more. Before its disappearance, however, it had cast a most salutary radiance over the dirty by-ways of contemporary wit and had destroyed utterly the specious reputations of men who, during the Regency, had palmed off cruel practical joking for humor and outrageous rudeness for repartee. He was the first and, save only Calverley, the most brilliant member of a new school of poets, admirable intellects, many faceted and free from pedantry, whose contributions to letters are in their fashion no less indispensable to us than those of acclaimed genius. Such men as Praed and Locker-Lampson, Calverley and Dobson and Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the more notable quality of their writings, form the essential leaven of nineteenth century literature and at its best their wit is a weapon against which the splenetic bodkin of Whistler, or the paste implement of Wilde, tinkles but ineffectually.

Whistler's brutal observation to a friend encountered arm in arm with an enemy, "ha! ha!, you know Damien died," is in actuality typical not of the renascence of true wit brought about by Praed in the middle of the century but of the unregenerate period when at Waitier's or White's Brummell's "d'ye call that thing a coat?" brought down about the head of some less well-armed beau the mockery of the company. Of the two, Brummell, capable of far better things than mere boorish cudgel play, possessed potentially the better talent, but his art, which was self-adornment, and which was characterized by a genius no less considerable than was Whistler's, called forth less opportunity for its exercise. But both in any passage of words sought a victory more sanguinary than neat, and since war and wit may never be allied, both fail, as Pope and the Augustans fail, to rival the skilled and friendly attack of such a man as Praed who never had need to remove the button from his foil.

As a poet it has been held against him that in his verses there is no quality of universality, that they are inspired by a life at best artificial and restricted, and that the society which they described was unworthy to be perpetuated, in which case the canvases of Watteau and Fragonard should be carefully collected and thereupon burnt, for the society of which Praed rhymed compared with that of the reigns of Louis the Well-Beloved and of his pathetic son was as pure as spring water and as solidly and honestly constructed as Westminster Abbey. As to the universality of their appeal, his deft and musical poems may, it is true, be something lacking in that element, but the fault lies not in the verse but in the Universe, for the latter bears a lack more blamable, that of a sense of humor. But Praed himself would have been the last man to defend his own work and he was very sensibly aware of the far from infinite scope of his very excellent talent. Much idle talk wearied him, and as he himself wrote, much thinking betokened folly:

> I think that some have died of drought,
> And some have died of drinking;
> I think that naught is worth a thought,—
> And I'm a fool for thinking!

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Charting New Channels

INCENTIVES IN THE NEW INDUSTRIAL ORDER. By J. A. Hobson. New York: Thomas Seltzer. 1926. $1.75.

Reviewed by Arthur Pound

THIS stimulating little book is strictly Hobsonesque in its qualities and defects. Among the former are a refreshing combination of sanity and liberalism. Among the latter is a tantalizing vagueness. Just when the reader expects something definite, Mr. Hobson's habit is to treat him to a series of provisos. So, while one may get a great deal from this book, the one thing he cannot get from it is Hobson's direct answer to the question: "Will these industrial incentives, so thoroughly described, really work well enough to pay for the trouble of setting them up?"

Perhaps that is an academic question; actually society never weighs such considerations thoughtfully in its transitional periods. Instead, it writhes blindly toward the new, driven by primitive emotions no less than by modern machines. What it seeks is improvement; what it gets is sure to be called progress and is more likely to be, in cold truth, merely change. But Mr. Hobson, here as in his other books, is a herald of mighty faith, though not without caution. He doesn't expect too much of his incentives or of the changes which he groups under the phrase, the New Industrial Order. The State will merely socialize a few key industries, like railroads, coal mines, and banking, while leaving the rest of the business organism to go its own gait unless it runs too strongly in the direction of profiteering and monopoly. He thinks that enough competent managers can be found for State purposes among men who prefer fame and social applause to unrestrained industrial power and great fortune, and that such high-minded souls will endure, for the sake of the general welfare, a control compounded of the interests of labor, consumers, and the state. For these few key industries the thrifty who value stability more than big dividends will continue to furnish capital by saving; as to labor, the author concludes the odds are in favor of the state getting a fair day's work for a fair day's pay, in spite of the deadening influence of bureaucracy.

In arriving at these conclusions, Mr. Hobson pursues the wily method of destroying by diminution. His argument in favor of the new is always based upon a pessimistic conception of the old. By way of demonstrating that savers will always provide capital for State enterprises, he shows that they provide too much for private enterprises, thus stimulating overproduction. His argument that labor will work with reasonable effectiveness in State enterprises is based, not upon the records of such enterprises, but upon the fact (?) that labor isn't doing much better under private employers. When Mr. Hobson gets through with an old incentive, any new incentive looks rather well by comparison.

One thing, however, the author makes beautifully clear, without the slightest intention of doing so. This is the enormous breadth of the economic gulf now separating the United States and Great Britain. In general our economics have followed those of Britain from colonial times down; but if the Hobson sketch of industrial trends is valid, clearly the two nations are on different roads today. The divergence began in 1896 and the war and the war debts broadened it. Public opinion in the United States today does not even admit the imminence of a New Industrial Order which Hobson says all thoughtful people in England take for granted. And there isn't the foggiest chance of the consumers taking over these States, a shift of power which is indicated as part of the new industrial order overseas. Of course, all this may change rather quickly and presently we may be reading Hobson again as a true prophet, but for the time being the average American must consider his a voice crying, if not in the wilderness, at least in a jungle we have happily escaped.

It is strange, too, that Hobson, or any other British economist, should neglect as completely as he does the influence of foreign trade on the industrial order which he visions. A self-contained country conceivably might introduce the innovations he suggests with a reasonable chance of success; at least it could protect its trade somewhat by tariffs during the period of readjustment. But Britain is exposed to all the trade winds that blow, and in degree as her industrial experiments fail the penalty will be both prompt and expensive. The British standard of living, and the British industrial system generally, is too much at the mercy of world conditions to make political control of industry altogether safe.

Finally, hardly enough attention is given by the author to the extraordinary adaptability of capitalism to changing social norms. Too easily is the old order disposed of on paper; the author celebrates that bloodless victory without reckoning on the "counter-reforming" power of capitalism itself.

Man and His Environment

THE RELATION OF NATURE TO MAN IN ABORIGINAL AMERICA. By Clark Wissler. New York: Oxford University Press. 1926.

Reviewed by Roland B. Dixon
Harvard University

THE character and extent of the influence exerted on man by his environment is a fascinating yet singularly elusive problem which has attracted attention as far back as the time of Hippocrates. In the fourteenth century the Arabic historian, Ibn Khaldun, sought to explain all history as the direct result of the reaction of man to his environment. Not until the nineteenth century, however, can the scientific study of the question be said to have begun, when Ritter and Ratzel founded the German school of "anthropogeography," which has been ably carried on in this country by Huntington and Miss Semple. According to their views, environment is a direct and as a rule compelling force which moulds the culture of a people. And so definite are these results supposed to be, that various laws have been formulated which are regarded as generally operative.

In France, although the earlier writers such as Bodin and Montesquieu looked upon environment as

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essentially compulsive, the modern school as exemplified in Brunhes and Vidal de la Blache, regards it more as permissive, as affording opportunities which may or may not be taken advantage of as a result of racial or historical factors.

The method followed by almost all previous investigators has been to analyze the characteristics of particular environments and of the culture of the peoples living in them, and then to endeavor to discover causal relations between the two. In the volume at hand, Dr. Wissler has approached the problem from quite a different angle. He has made a study of the geographical distribution of a series of selected cultural and physical traits, and from the character of these distributions, has reached conclusions of much interest, some of which at least may be expected to arouse considerable opposition on the part of his fellow anthropologists.

From a study of the distribution of a number of selected cultural traits, Dr. Wissler shows that such traits have, in general, a continuous distribution; they are found within a definite and determinable area and not outside it. Where the trait shows variations in complexity or specialization he finds the simpler forms to be the widest spread, whereas the more complex are restricted to a more or less central position. He assumes that the simple forms are the older forms and that they have spread solely by diffusion from the central area where they originated. Here the more specialized forms are from time to time evolved, to effuse in their turn toward the periphery of the whole area. The distribution of cultural traits may thus be mapped schematically as a series of concentric circles, the outermost representing the primitive form, the successive specializations occupying the progressively smaller circles, while the central spot represents the highest complexity as well as the historically latest form.

Having shown that each of the cultural traits selected conforms to this rule, Dr. Wissler turns to physical characters, and tries to demonstrate that such factors as stature, head form, and eye color follow the same laws. Both cultural and physical characters thus, on his theory, tend to diffuse outward in all directions from a center of origin, and from the observed distributions we are able to draw valid historical as well as developmental conclusions. Now Dr. Wissler finds that each of these centers of origin coincides in a remarkable way, with the center of a typical environment area, and we are thus led to believe that an inherent relation must exist between environment and man. The life complexes are adjusted to the natural resources of the area, the most perfect and specialized adjustment taking place in the region in which each particular environment is most typically expressed. The heart of the ecological area is thus coincident with the center of cultural and physical development, thus demonstrating the far-reaching influence of environment on man.

The implications and consequences of Dr. Wissler's theory are obviously very significant, and in many respects, especially as regards racial characteristics, are in rather sharp opposition to currently accepted views. While detailed or technical discussion of the problems raised is clearly out of place here, some points of general criticism may be offered. It is unfortunate that Dr. Wissler has in some cases used only rather antiquated data in plotting his distributions, which would have been considerably modified if later and easily accessible sources had been used. In other instances he has made his case only by dealing with a portion of the area involved, when if the whole region had been included the results would have been quite different. Again, he has, as in the case of mounds and earthworks, made a wholly arbitrary and, I believe, unjustified sequence of specialization which few other students would accept. In some instances there are careless and regrettable misstatements of fact, and in more than one case, although the schematic diagram shows the cultural center of a trait as centered in its area of distribution, a true plotting reveals it instead as peripheral. Sometimes in his discussion, Dr. Wissler has minimized or neglected historical data as to actual succession of traits, and throughout has failed adequately to consider the influence of migration. For although centrifugal diffusion is obviously the more common type, many cultural and physical traits have been demonstrably spread by actual popular movements.

These minor points although they mar, do not invalidate, the significance and suggestiveness of the theory set forth in the book. Dr. Wissler has written an extremely readable and interesting little volume on a topic of far-reaching importance, and it may be expected to arouse abundant discussion.

The History of Anatomy

THE EVOLUTION OF ANATOMY. By Charles Singer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $4.

Reviewed by Edward C. Streeter, M.D.

ANATOMICAL investigation represents the very axis of all medicine and the story of its rise and progress from pre-history to the present is one of sheer fascination: in which opposition and ignorant enmity add, now and again, the needed touch of high romance. Strange, indeed, that this subject should remain unbroached by English-speaking scholars for more than a century. Matthew Baillie in 1785 made the last previous attempt at the theme, last in any comprehensive sense. Now appears this notable "history of anatomical and physiological discovery from the earliest times down to Harvey," by a proven and most competent hand. It is called by the author "a preliminary sketch," but dipping in we find here no mere hasty farrago. The work is the matured issue of Dr. Singer's Fitzpatrick Lectures delivered two winters ago at the Royal College of Physicians.

The main chronological divisions are as follows: The Greeks to 50 B. C., The Empire and the Dark Ages, The Middle Ages and Renaissance, Modern times to Harvey. The first section contains certain "addita" to our knowledge of anatomical activities, in the immitigable eld of time, which are of the utmost importance to the expert. The "Middle

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Ages and the Renaissance" is likewise a section rich in information which if not new, at least is set forth in new order. The volume carries an admirable series of illustrations. Dr. Singer has never been sparing in his use of illustrative material; penetrated by a sense of their value, he throws an authenticating quality into the cuts and drawings which he introduces. Merely suitable illustration will not satisfy him; he seeks definitive and final support of his text through the use of some explanatory picture which he knows must exist somewhere. He always finds it.

A grievous dilemma presents itself to the historian of anatomy. To attempt to separate anatomical from physiological, in the general trend of inquiry in these two fields, invalidates in part the historical data in hand. And again, to attempt a nexus, to link their histories in a single narrative, kept within compassable bounds and giving due weight to each, without confusion and brusque malpractice done upon the readers' intelligence, is a hugely difficult thing to do. Dr. Singer has combined and retained in their true original accord these twain in a way that is entirely satisfactory—though what spirit and power was needed to accomplish this in the scope of 185 pages passes understanding. Of the four chief figures in this history, Galen, Mondino, Vesalius, and Harvey, full account is given. The vast dark background, cultural and social, is sketched in with efficacy; the digressions on the rise of the universities, naturalism in art, the medical humanists, are introduced with few words and with vivid and proper effect. Among the minor men we think Fallopius deserves more extended notice than he gets. He was a veritable Ver-occhio or "true eye" among anatomists. The author's presentation of the myriad-minded Leonardo and his forerunners (who performed prior and unassisted myological dissections in the service of Art), is too brief to do justice to the subject. We are wrong, however, in stumbling on such points as these, in an otherwise flawless performance.

A Captain of His Soul

G. STANLEY HALL. A Biography of a Mind. By LORINE PRUETTE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

TO attempt to write the biography of a personal friend is a tricky undertaking. For one Boswell or Lockhart there have been a thousand failures. The result is usually either an apologetic for all the subject's best known faults or, through the writer's over-consciousness of this danger, an arraignment of these faults without sympathy. To see a friend steadily and see him whole is no little achievement.

Miss Lorine Pruette, one of G. Stanley Hall's star graduate students at Clark University toward the close of his incumbency, succeeds fairly well in her biography in steering clear of both idolatry and censoriousness. She makes no secret of her admiration—as why should she—but she is no mere disciple. As Dr. Hall would have desired, and certainly deserved, this biography stresses the events of his mental life and eschews the idle gossipy details so dear to the heart of the general public. In fact, so far as his personal relationships are concerned, Miss Pruette's discretion amounts almost to reticence. And yet she manages to bring the man before us, four-square, as a living human being.

Her work is not so much the biography of a mind as the biography of a temperament and a character. The final value of G. Stanley Hall's contributions to science is still a subject of dispute. He lacked scientific caution and saturated with his own personal emotion every topic that he considered; he was, as he confessed, a faddist; without being a philosopher, he was devoted to theory rather than to fact. But his temperament freed him from any tendency toward deadly scientific orthodoxy and enabled him to be a pioneer, particularly in the field of genetic psychology. Fortunate in his students both at Johns Hopkins and Clark—students such as Dewey, Cattell, Hyslop, Jastrow,—his influence extended far beyond his writings. During his long life, he was a powerful and liberalizing influence in American education. He and William James infused into it a zest for knowledge previously unknown.

Miss Pruette does not claim to possess any master key to the striking inconsistencies of a highly complex personality. The temptation to use as such Hall's obvious "mother fixation" is foregone without a murmur of regret. The fact that the same man who shocked Professor Münsterberg by his emphasis on sex psychology should have become president of the Massachusetts Watch and Ward Society and should have been able to see nothing but "filth" in Mr. Cabell's "Jurgen," Miss Pruette is content to account for by the rigidity of his early Puritan upbringing. With a quite Hallian audacity, after calling him a Puritan in one chapter, in the next she calls him a pagan—but less convincingly, as it takes more than a little beer-drinking and love-making in a German university to merit that high name. To his early years on the farm she ascribes that hardness and tenacity of will which enabled him to bear without flinching the severest blows of fortune. The tragic death of his first wife and young daughter, the madness of his second wife, the ruin through the vanity and incompetence of his successor of the great institution that he had built up as his life-work—all this left Hall unbent. A fervent believer in evolution, interpreted mystically as insuring the progress of humanity, he found in this faith and in his intellectual interests sufficient alleviation of personal sorrow and failure. Far better than William James he maintained till the last his mental poise before the cheap consolations of spiritism and what he felt to be the vain hope of immortality. With far more right than ever Henley had, he could have said that he never winced or cried aloud in the fell clutch of circumstance. Unbowed his head remained to the end.

Mr. Belloc's Essays

SHORT TALKS WITH THE DEAD AND OTHERS. By HILAIRE BELLOC. New York: Harper & Bros. 1926.

Reviewed by MICHAEL PYM

OH, Mr. Belloc—Mumbo-Jumbo!

There is no escaping it. Mr. Belloc's latest effusion, "Short Talks with the Dead and Others," is frankly dull. Into some 201 pages he has crowded no less than twenty-nine essays, or pseudo essays, not one of which is worth quotation, and not one of which is distinguishable from any other he has written. In fact, one might go further and say that there is no apparent reason for Mr. Belloc's having written any of them, except as "fillers" in a newspaper, which they seem quite obviously to have been.

Hilaire Belloc is one of those strange people who have a reputation for brilliance which never quite seems to be justified. He is one of our literary disappointments. In style, he is often charming, he has occasionally happy phrases, but, somehow, he never so to speak, "gets you." As a journalist, and a Catholic, he has undoubtedly been most successful, but perhaps these achievements do not indicate a type of mind quite at its best in that subtle presentation of apparent waywardness and actual coödination which is the secret of the true essayist. Or, again, it may be just possible that the ardor of Mr. Belloc's convictions, which haven't changed, as far as the writer can remember, during the last twenty years or so, has, so to speak, stunted his mental growth. The search for truth is the greatest factor in man's development. To believe that absolute truth has been attained may, under certain circumstances, conduce to mental petrifaction. I remember hearing attributed to Mr. Belloc, as one of his principles, an extraordinarily significant remark to the effect that it is useless to argue with a man, unless he is already convinced. In a sense this is Mr. Belloc's own trouble. He is already convinced, and for him there is very little left to argue about. He explores no further, and in consequence, has done little but repeat himself from his first book of essays to this, his latest. One part of his mind has atrophied. Yet, he has a large public, for which he represents delicate wit and unanswerable irony, among other things. At least, that is how his public describes him.

The fact of the matter is that for the average man, and especially for the average woman, Hilaire Belloc is extremely restful. Consciously or unconsciously, one always knows what to expect of him. One needn't face the disturbing possibility of an uncomfortable new thought, or a really deep emotion. Whatever happens there will be, somewhere in the book, the stout, hearty, beer-swilling Englishman—oh, so hearty, so Catholic, so full of beer and cheese. There will also be the fashionable small boat, in which to sail those seas whose storms are always, as the Latin poet points out, so attractive when viewed from the land, and the equally fashionable touch of abstract anti-Semitism, properly qualified by a graceful allusion to one's many friends among the Jews. Nor must one forget the noble peasant, singing his delightful folk songs as he tills his small holding (in such intervals as he can spare from beer and cider), and only asking to be left in peace with his potatoes, undisturbed by movies, the tips of wealthy parvenus and their friends, the Americanized Yellow Press, and all the other corrosions of this civilization. Of course, people like that sort of thing. It sounds very fine and virtuous, and one can afford to sigh for what one may thank God doesn't exist.

* * *

Mental calibre is something education may veneer, but cannot change. The admirers of Mr. Belloc's profound essays are, in another incarnation, the admirers of Mr. Harold Bell Wright's superb gifts of observation and realism in fiction. In their next incarnation they probably believe in M. Bergson's philosophy. But those of us who hate to see time and ability wasted would like to shake Mr. Belloc, and shake him hard.

For the man has a gift. What he can do, and does do charmingly, when, all too rarely, he will do it, is to write historical studies. His pictures of the French Revolution, such as The Girondins, for instance, are delightful. In the gathering and assembling of perfectly definite facts Mr. Belloc's concrete mind is at its best. There he is not expected to be suggestive or original. He need not attempt to explore that infinite in which he really does not believe. He is not obliged to uphold social and political doctrines while society and politics really bore him. It is not necessary for him to try to be funny because he is afraid to follow whither seriousness might lead him. And, above all, he needn't live up to Mr. Chesterton. Consequently he interests and charms us. In a book of essays such as this he merely annoys us.

Stuart P. Sherman

(*Continued from page* 65)

month's sensation, to subdue, like New York, high seriousness to an active interest in everything human. He seemed to change from a Thoreau to an Irving.

Those who wondered at the alteration forgot that Sherman had reached the age at which most men crystallize in method and opinion. They did not give him credit for such unexpected powers of adjustment, nor did they realize that a critic of his distinction, who could open his mind at forty-five like an impressionable youth, might be expected to come from the experience with renewed vigor, fresher sympathies, and unexampled possibilities of criticism. In some of the essays published in "Books," this new strength was already evident. The old Sherman had not bowed down the knee to Baal. He had kept his principles if he had lost his prejudices somewhere below 14th Street, he had renewed his youth with the reading of middle age in his head, he had seen the new literature at home, and also the new writers, and was ready once again to draw on the prophet's mantle.

His death at such a moment has cost us dear, for he had in his power gifts that no one else possesses, and a weapon for defense and offense that no one else can wield. He was a great man—which cannot be always said of scholars and critics, an admirable scholar, a most fruitful teacher; a critic who even in a career unhappily truncated was one of the potent voices of our time.

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Grandparents' New York

THE LAST FIFTY YEARS IN NEW YORK. By HENRY COLLINS BROWN. New York: Valentine's Manual, Inc. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

CHANGE is so rapid in the metropolis that an air of antiquity already hangs over the New York of the 'seventies and 'eighties. These decades seem as distant from us today as the year 1800 seemed to the people of the Tweed era. The period when "French flats" were just becoming popular; when the streets opposite Central Park were covered with shanties and browsing goats; when men gasped to read that Ned Stokes had shot down Jim Fisk in the Grand Central Hotel in a quarrel over Josie Mansfield; the years when uncle soaked his hair with bear's grease, aunt covered her chairs with antimacassars, and Cousin Kate slaughtered the young men with her chignon and Grecian bend; the time of the mustache cup, the little German band, and the swift trotters on Jerome Parkway—all this has become quaintly picturesque. Mr. Brown, whose revival of Valentine's Manual now fills ten volumes, has doubtless been struck by the fact that well-illustrated essays on New York of the brownstone-front age are more popular than articles upon eighteenth century New York. In this latest and most attractive addition to his series, he deals with the years 1870-1890. To justify his title he should add a second volume describing New York life from 1890 to today.

New York in the seventies had a million people; it had Brooklyn Bridge under way, and the elevated railways, with little steam locomotives, slowly lengthening northward; it was losing one set of millionaires—A. T. Stewart, Commodore Vanderbilt, William B. Astor—and acquiring another and larger set. The Irish, very generally disliked and looked down upon, remained the chief immigrant group, and the Orange riots between their Catholic and Protestant factions were annual events. In its public arrangements and social life it was still a good deal of an overgrown town. Sleighs were seen everywhere in snowy weather, and there was a great toboggan slide at 110th Street. People had back yards, there were lawns on Fifth Avenue and the grassy, well shaded hills back of Harlem furnished a pleasant afternoon's drive. It was customary for substantial merchants and professional men to lock the office at noon and stroll home for dinner. Everybody worked hard, the ten hour day being usual in stores and offices, and the summer vacation a novelty at which elderly employers sniffed. But few people as yet played hard. Archery furnished a gentle sport, and tennis, for years practised on the old hour-glass courts, vied with croquet as an amusement.

* * *

Mr. Brown dwells almost exclusively upon the more attractive surface aspects of the city's life. He does not take us into the slums, which were then of peculiarly horrifying character; he does not mention the appalling epidemics of typhus, smallpox, scarlet fever, and typhoid which regularly swept the town. He says nothing of the painful lack of decent trunk sewers at the beginning of this period, nor the stench of the downtown slaughterhouses. But his somewhat structureless book is packed full of material, treated with engaging lightness. Here may be found a full account of the old Broadway stages, which started and stopped "by means of a leather strap attached to the driver's leg, which served notice of a passenger's intention to alight." He recalls the "soap artist," whose florid designs on bar mirrors for Christmas and Fourth of July were considered by many equal to Michelangelo; the substantial free lunch of the great hotels; the oyster houses, still unworried by rotisseries or spaghetteries; the "hot corn" vendor; the Eden Musee. Full justice is done the old stock companies of Wallack and Daly, and the naughty attractions of the "Black Crook." He does not forget such crazes as that for lawn statuary, nor the touching belief that sunbaths under blue glass cured almost everything. We are introduced, with a wealth of illustrations, to the early Coney Island, where the hot dog was unknown and everybody ate clam chowder; to the target companies who shot in Lion Park, and came home half shot; to the singing waiter in the larger saloons, and the sentimental songs, called "weepers," which he "pulled;" and to the oldtime fishing boats down the bay.

Some few omissions, other than those relating to the darker side of New York in that Age of Innocence, may be noted. Nothing is said of the concert saloon, and the remarkable vogue which it long enjoyed; something less than justice is done the magnificent old German beer-gardens; and we miss the luridly entertaining pages that might have been written upon the gambling dens of the 'seventies. Has all memory perished of 33, the great game in which Ben Wood, at a single sitting, lost $120,000 to John Morrissey? And surely something more might have been said of the great Morrissey himself, a pugilist and gambling-hall proprietor who nobly represented Manhattan in Congress. But on the whole Mr. Brown's book may be called comprehensive. Nearly all the notables of the period, from Henry Bergh with his much-needed defence of overburdened street-car horses to John Kelly, the satrap of Tammany, are here. The illustrations drawn from a wide variety of sources, are felicitously chosen and distributed. Every lover of old-time New York will hope for further volumes from Mr. Brown's pen.

The Peasants

THE TIME OF MAN. By ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS. New York: The Viking Press. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THOUGH doubtless no imitation was involved, Miss Elizabeth Madox Roberts has here done for the small farmers of Kentucky what Ladislas Reymont did for the peasants of his native Poland. The scale, to be sure, is smaller, and Miss Roberts has, besides, chosen to center her material about the life of one person instead of about the four seasons of a single year; but these facts aside, there is an unmistakable similarity both of mood and of manner. It is not merely, of course, that both deal with a peasantry wedded to the soil, and part of an enduring pattern of life, or that both, with all their intimate knowledge of the narrowness and hardness of this pattern, find it nevertheless beautiful. Each, besides, has created a form distinctly different from that of the conventional narrative—a form, and a movement which serve in themselves to suggest the rhythm of the life described.

The individuals and the background are conceived as part of the same whole, the events of human life—birth and marriage, child-bearing and death—are one with the growing of the crops or the increase of the herds and though this is not—indeed cannot be—said, the conduct of the story is such as to make it inescapably felt. Human life is not, as in more sophisticated societies it tends to become, something which has freed itself from the rhythm of nature and which struggles to form a pattern of its own, but instead something which submits itself to the pattern of the seasons and the regular laws of growth, seed-bearing, and decay. Every human event is integrated with nature and it is the triumph of the style never to fail in achieving that integration.

> In January came a dry frozen time, hard and cold. Each cow made a long white breath in the morning air. Henry worked all day at fencing, and Ellen was never done finding wood and bringing it to the cabin to keep the fire on the hearth. In the night sometimes lonely horse-hoofs went galloping along the beaten mould of the pasture road, thumping on the frozen dirt. The sound would waken her with a thrill of pleasure, a joy at being awakened for any purpose, at feeling herself suddenly alive again. Into the joy would come a sadness at the lonely throb of the horses' feet that were going, the unspeakable loneliness that settled down on the road and the yard, on the cabin and her own body, as the pulse of the hoofs beat dimmer on her ears and faded farther and farther away. Her mother's words would call out in the lonely stillness of her mind: "Where's the fellows that ought to be a-comen? . . . A big brown girl, nigh to eighteen and no fellows a-comen!" . . . The taunt had come upon her unprepared and now the words would probe the still dark after the passer was gone. . . . "Where's the fellows that ought to be a-comen?"

"Poetic" is an adjective which one hesitates to apply to a piece of fiction. It is likely to be misunderstood, to suggest the feeble, expansive sentiment which seems to pass with many for poetry. But it is the only word which will serve to characterize either the form or the effect of Miss Roberts's novel. Her manner of handling her material, of returning to certain themes almost as to a refrain, suggests the architecture of poetry rather than of narrative, and certainly the mood which she creates in her reader is a poetic mood, leading him to participate in a kind of life radically different from any which he is likely to have led. We have gained much by freeing ourselves to some extent from nature, by being no longer as intimately a part of her as once we were; but we have lost something too. We have specialized our consciousness so that if it has modes unknown to the more primitive, it is no longer so intensely aware of the total process of living, so joyously participant in the mere vital surge of universal life. The crops which nourish us grow where we do not see or feel them grow; we are heated in winter and fanned in summer so that the very seasons are half remote; and thus we have become creatures apart, no longer in step with the procession from which we have turned aside. Miss Roberts has succeeded somehow in recapturing the more primitive rhythm and, without too much idealizing the life she describes, in suggesting its compensations. Her people have in their existence something of the deep, quite satisfaction which one sometimes fancies a tree to have and they bear their calamities, too, with the resigned patience of nature.

I have compared this novel to Reymont's tetrology and, putting the relative smallness of the scale aside, Miss Roberts's book does not suffer much from the comparison. Like Reymont, Miss Roberts seems absolutely saturated in her material and capable of using it with a freedom which suggests rather an intimate experience than any laborious documentation. Moreover she seems to owe little to any of the schools of fiction which have hitherto busied themselves with the treatment of American provincial life. Her mood is original, powerful, and, without ever verging upon sentimentality, tender.

Blondes Need Not Apply

A PRINCE OF MALAYA. By SIR HUGH CLIFFORD. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by H. G. DWIGHT

Author of "The Emperor of Elam and Other Stories"

IN a country which delights to twist the lion's tail, which pays higher prices for New England maple of the eighteenth century than for Italian walnut of the sixteenth, and in which the press is organized primarily for the benefit of that formidable reading public made up of schoolgirls, shopgirls, telephone girls, clubwomen, and clerks, and boosters of both sexes, it is not so simple a matter to set forth as they deserve the merits of Sir Hugh Clifford. One almost hesitates to mention that he is a distinguished colonial administrator of forty years' experience, who has spent twenty years in Malaya, thirteen in West Africa, and is now Governor of Ceylon. It is safer to say that he is the husband of the lady who writes under the name of Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. One can add, to be sure, that he himself is the author of some fifteen or twenty books, the greater number of which are set against the aching Asiatic background he knows so well. And they have an enviable place, in that literature of adventure, and interpretation in which England is so rich. Yet how shall one out with the dread news that to heart-throbs and to happy endings Sir Hugh is indifferent, save in so far as they may profit the brown-skinned folk to whom he ministers? Nor does he gild his pill either with Kipling's glitter or with Conrad's cloudy magnificence. That he not only is a very human person, but has the gift of communicating the incommunicable, "In Court and Kampong," "In a Corner of Asia," "The Downfall of the Gods," "Malayan Monochromes," and "The Further Side of Silence" bear moving witness. But "A Prince of Malaya" would at once set a movie director to thinking how its rather modest heart-interest might be magnified, how its costumes —or the lack of them—might be touched up, and how its tropical settings might be helped out with the exuberance of California.

One of the most characteristic differences between England and America is that we have no tradition of colonial service and no sustained interest in dark and distant portions of the earth. Imagine, for instance, an American *Blackwood's!* You can't. There would be nobody to write for it and nobody to read it. The reason is that we have not had colonies for three hundred years. We have been too busy making livable the old English colony which we inhabit. It is, therefore, the easier for those amongst us who feel the divine afflatus descend upon them to forget the bar sinister that darkens our own origin, and to wax eloquent over the horrors of imperialism, the rapacity of monarchs, the iniquity of government without the consent of

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the governed. The fact remains, nevertheless, that our flag waves over States of Florida, Louisiana, Texas, and California, over a Territory of Alaska, and a Panama Canal Zone, and over other unconsidered trifles scattered in several seas. What is more, we now have a considerable body of citizens who admit either personal acquaintance or family associations with our island possessions. And the rest of us are gradually become aware that they exist; perhaps even that they present problems which require other solutions than eloquence on Capitol Hill. However we got them, we have them, and we must in some way deal with them. For which reasons, as well as because there are bonds of geography, and of blood between the Malay Peninsula and the Philippine Islands, this story of a Malay Prince who was destroyed by his white man's education is not so foreign to us as a seeker after heart-throbs might imagine. It is an expert human document of a kind which the orators of the Little Brown Brother do not possess. In fact a Commission of Inquiry preparing for a junket to Manila on an army transport could find no better nucleus for its library than the books of Sir Hugh Clifford. For if one thing about him be more transparent than another, it is that for all his hard practical experience he is the most conscientious, and the most sympathetic of oversea administrators.

For the rest, his latest book is a reprint of two earlier ones—"Sally, a Study" (1904), and "Saleh, a Sequel" (1908)—which perhaps contains the quintessence of Sir Hugh's long residence in Pahang. He says of it that "the tragedy of Saleh, and the fashion in which it is here related alike belong to a period which has passed away." Perhaps. But the same tragedy is being enacted today in many another land and island of the sea. And while the manner in which a book is written nowadays interests us more than its matter, in that we are again passing through one of those periodical fits of rebellion against the manners and mannerisms of our fathers, one can only hope it will be long before the fashion passes quite away of writing a story so simply, so unpretentiously, with so much reticence and wisdom, as "A Prince of Malaya."

W. J. Locke's Latest

PERELLA. By William J. Locke. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1926. $2.

TO have established a reputation for pleasing whimsicality is an excellent asset for any author. For it permits him a license in the creation of situation and incident denied to less fortunate craftsmen whose divagations from the normal may have no less reason but less charm than his own. Mr. Locke's exaggerations of sentiment and action—the sort of gentle absurdity which characterizes most of his books—arouse no belligerent disbelief in the mind of the reader for they so obviously are believed by their author. Since Mr. Locke so whole-heartedly thinks that human beings are actuated by the kind of Quixotic impulses which sway his characters, perhaps they are; certainly he can make them attractive in their impulsiveness, and make the chronicle of their adventures both interesting and charming.

Moreover, Mr. Locke has a happy facility in dialogue, the ability to make his personalities converse with a cleverness that amuses but that yet escapes being bookish. The opening pages of "Perella," with the inconsequential give and take between the heroine who gives title to the book and the youth who draws her from her self-obliterating shyness, establish at once Mr. Locke's possession of this facility in his latest novel as well as in his earlier tales. It carries his overlong story through its initial lighter phases and sustains it in its more tragic developments. And it leaves, as does the pathetically futile attempt of Mr. Locke's elderly lovers to secure the happiness of a younger couple, a warm sense of the tenderness which is the prime feature of their author's creed.

Readers of Locke will recognize "Perella" as running true to the type of its predecessors. It is romantic, it is gentle, it is sprightly; it entangles its young hero and heroine, both of them English artists working in Florence, and their elders, a shy, and high-minded art critic and a middle-aged and beautiful patroness of art, in a noose of loyalties and passions, and it attempts to extricate them by a characteristically Lockian Quixotism. Attempts, we say, because Mr. Locke has supplied a much truer and more artistic conclusion if a less happy one, than the success of his device could have provided. Indeed, for all its wash of the romantic there is sound interpretation and subtle character drawing in "Perella," as well as humor and a certain winsome, if wayward, worldliness which consorts oddly with its whimsicality. It is a pleasant book, with something more than grace to lend it flavor.

The Artist's Ego

FAR END. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1926.

Reviewed by Amy Loveman

MISS SINCLAIR is too seasoned a craftsman to produce anything uninteresting, too attentive an observer of life to be wholly superficial. But she is not at her best in this tale of feminine constancy and masculine promiscuity, and, what is more, she is frankly sentimental in solving its complications. A swift moving narrative, "Far End" takes in the war and the post-Armistice years in its stride, and incidentally disposes of a secondary love story before bringing its main one to a happy conclusion.

Being herself, Miss Sinclair is of course preëminently interested in the psychological reactions of her characters. What engrosses her primarily is not the house, which gives its name to the story and plays *deus ex machina* to its protagonists, or the war, which precipitates their problems, but the sex conflict, the battle of the woman to hold the love of her husband after she is not only wife but mother, of the man to hold all of her thought, and failing that to reconcile his love for her with the satisfaction of his self love through other women. The theme is an old one, but in its application to the artist—in this case, a novelist—one of perduring interest. Miss Sinclair has the skill to handle it, but she has chosen to treat it crudely. Indeed, so perfunctory is her filling in of background, so little searching her analysis, and so obviously contrived her happy ending as to suggest that her story—perhaps through the pressure of her publishers—was born ahead of time. To be sure, she has at times deftly indicated her apprehension of the deeper instincts that impel her characters to action, and she has managed to make the distinction she aims at between the genuine love of the hero for his wife and the spurious affection he bestows on her rivals, but by manipulating her situations to a preconceived purpose she has failed to make them convincing. And she has rushed her story to a baldly sentimental conclusion.

That story, briefly to summarize it, recounts the engagement, marriage, estrangement, and reconciliation of Hilda Courtney and the talented young novelist, Christopher Vivart. Christopher, whose novels succeed each other to a swelling chorus of praise, is in the full flush of happiness and success when the war breaks out and rushes him and the friend who is engaged to his sister to France. There Christopher is wounded, invalided home, and thrust back into the happy security of life at Far End to have the delight in that home which his wife shares with him blasted by the loss of his brother-in-law and the death of his sister. Unable to endure the place which has now become so full of tragic memories Hilda and he move to London. There a child is born to them. The close association between husband and wife is not, despite the latter's premonitions, affected by the obligations which motherhood imposes, but when a second, and puny baby follows the first, Hilda, finds her wifely interests submerged in her maternal instincts. Instead of assisting her husband with his writing she allows him to employ a secretary, a flagrantly worshipping young woman who shortly begins to exert a powerful attraction over Christopher. Perhaps the most successful portion of Miss Sinclair's book is this in which she depicts the growth of a passion called forth by purely sensual charms, nurtured by an outspoken admiration, and precipitated by the revelation by the wife to her husband of his secretary's love for him. Miss Sinclair makes it quite clear that Christopher, while yielding to Nona, still preserves his devotion to his wife, as she makes it quite clear in the episode which follows upon his renunciation of Nona, that he again still loves his wife while he is once more surrendering himself to the advances of another woman. In both instances she makes it plain that the root of Christopher's infatuation lies in his self-love, played upon in the one case by the frank adoration of an inferior mind, and in the other by the skilful manipulation of his longing for self-expression by a clever and experienced woman. But she fails to make her characters real, their emotion moving, or their actions convincing. There is no subtlety to her delineation, no distinction in her choice of incident, and the sudden happy conclusion to which she brings her complications is quite as adventitious as her earlier elimination of a no longer necessary secondary hero and heroine. "Far End" will not add to her reputation.

Tyranny

WAYS OF ESCAPE. By Noel Forrest. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1926.

Reviewed by Grace Frank

ONE reads this novel in the light of the publisher's puff with a growing sense of bewilderment. The tale begins promisingly enough. Stephen Heath, a gracious and courteous man, a successful architect, efficiently and unselfishly devoted to the best interests of the community in which he lives, is shown through the chatter of his four children in their schoolroom to be unloved and unrespected in his own home, a domestic tyrant who has already driven these youngsters into the byways of furtiveness and deceit. The crushing effects of Stephen's tyranny upon all those associated with him—his children, his wife, his friend, his fellow-citizens—and their disastrous attempts to escape make up the rest of the story.

Unfortunately, as it proceeds, one realizes more and more clearly that an excellent theme with striking possibilities is being ruined in the telling. Where subtle analysis and delicate characterization were obviously demanded, only conventional and hackneyed conceptions have been supplied. Modern situations—incredible as it may seem, we are supposedly dealing with the post-war generation—appear in the bustled verbiage and trailing sentiments of the Elsie books. The pompous hero, stiffly complacent to the end, his rebellious children, forced to lie and steal, his beautiful and preposterous wife, his imperturably sentimental friend, and even the author himself all seem to have inherited their speech and emotions from the dusty, paper-backed novels in the attic. For four hundred and twenty-seven pages they say things like "as she touched him, she felt him recoil as from an unclean thing" and "for very shame he could not but vow to rid himself of that craven fear which had been the curse of his life." Between them they exhaust the vocabulary of mock-heroics—the tale progresses for the most part by means of their various conversations—and spoil a theme that richly deserved a more plausible development.

And yet, according to the jacket, this "is one of those extremely rare first novels upon which the various members of the publisher's staff enthusiastically agree as to its possibilities for wide popularity." One can only suggest in all sadness that the staff seems to have a pretty low opinion of us privates.

Light Reading

THE ROAD. By Jack London. New York: Greenberg, Inc. 1926.

Reviewed by Jim Tully

THIS is the diluted story of Jack London's tramp days, now offered as one of the Rogue's Library. It is the epitome of London's weakness as a writer and a man. There is an introduction written by Glenn Mullin, a college professor hobo. London received a small fortune for the serial rights of this book. A real story of tramps cannot be made to fit into a widely circulated magazine. Jack London knew this. But poor Jack was the most wretched prostitute that ever walked down an alley of literature for money. As defiant as a sophomore about social conditions, he worried about the poor and died wealthy.

I was a beggar boy reading in a library when I first read of London. I walked into the freezing street with the feeling that if London could do it—so could I. It took me a great many years to realize the weakness of the magnetic vagabond who preceded me. My conclusion now is that London said all he had to say early. He then sold slag in order to buy a three thousand acre ranch. The ranch was always the white elephant in his parade of life.

London touches one chapter in this book which might have been made to rank with Dostoievsky's "House of the Dead." Instead, the inhibited middle class American drew back afraid. He even nearly admits his fear. It is the chapter in which he starts to tell of his term in the Erie County (New York) jail.

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London really had no capacity for remembered sorrow. He lacked pity, sympathy, and irony. He never wrote a moving story of men in pain. Even his "Sea Wolf" was a gigantic caricature. His "Martin Eden" was a literary ranter full of self pity. But one should not condemn even "The Road." Its author was a greatly limited man. Lacking the above mentioned qualities as a writer, he had to contend with much that was superficial in his period and in himself. Elinor Glyn once told me that he had called her "the greatest psychologist in Europe." London bragged of having written forty books by the time he was forty years of age; a few of his shorter things, perhaps "To Build a Fire," "The Call of the Wild," and "War," will ride the years. He was really a more highly gifted journalist. Always an objective writer, he could describe a prize fight with bloody hands. On any subject that had to do with his own or the nation's inhibitions—such as tramps or women, he might as well have been Dr. Henry van Dyke. This book is the blue milk of tramp literature. London either kept the cream or had none to give. It is pleasant light reading.

A Dramatic Figure

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, THE ROMANCE OF A GREAT CAREER, 1804-1881. By Sir Edward Clarke. New York: The MacMillan Company. 1926.

Reviewed by Walter S. Hayward
Harvard University

NOW that the tumult and the shouting of the Victorian era has become merely a distant rumbling, the political figure which emerges is not that of the ebullient Palmerston, of the conscientious Peel, of the solemn Salisbury, or even of the omniscient Mr. Gladstone. All these figures, greater in their own day, diminish in the eyes of our own generation in comparison with the alien political "adventurer" Disraeli, the leader of "young England," and the embodiment of the Imperial idea. There was something at once dramatic and dynamic about him, accompanied by a many-sidedness of activity, and an aloofness and preciseness of vision which have commended him to posterity and to the writers of biographies.

When the many-volumed Monypenny and Buckle account appeared not so long ago, it seemed as though a definitive biographical position had been assigned to the career of Disraeli. Sir Edward Clarke, the author of the present memoir, was one of those who had applied for permission to complete the authorized biography when Mr. Monypenny died previous to its completion. After the choice of Mr. Buckle by the executors, the author determined to prepare a much shorter and much less expensive biography, based on the larger work. In other words, he desired to do what Froude had already done in 1890, but after the lapse of years had swept away the vestiges of partisan feeling.

* * *

He has succeeded in writing a straightforward, chronological life of Benjamin Disraeli. It neither criticizes his political conduct nor attempts any estimate of his place in literature. While it lacks the brilliance of Froude, it is a well balanced account by one who brings to the subject a deep interest and much personal knowledge of the period. Perhaps there is a little too much of the flavor of admiration to suit the taste of a modern audience. There is lacking also that piquancy of touch and that sprightly, if sometimes irreverent, treatment which is so marked a feature of present biographical writing. In a way, this is unfortunate, because there has rarely been an individual who, in eccentricities of dress, of demeanor, and even of opinions, cut such a swathe as Dizzy especially in those days before the dark bottle-green coat, the extravagantly patterned waistcoat, the glittering jewelry, and the affected manner had given way to the black frock coat and the severe and composed delivery of his later years.

With such a wealth of quotations from which to choose, it is not astonishing that the author has omitted many which would seem to bear reproduction. Disraeli could not help expressing himself in quotable shape, whether he was delivering a speech, writing a novel, or engaged in correspondence.

This is not a great biography, but it serves a useful purpose in putting forth in condensed form the life and career of a statesman like whom, as Froude says, there was none before, and will be none hereafter.

The Bowling Green

Precis of a Journey. IV.

THE other day I received a charming letter from K. B., of Waterville, Maine—a subscriber to this *Review*—written on the stationery of the Royal Hibernian Hotel, Dublin. It began: "For sometime I have vainly sought an excuse for writing the Bowling Green, and at last I have found it. I have the honor of being the first to tell you that in Dublin there is a 'Dean Swift Taxi Service.' By it I was carried to this excellent hotel, thinking the while of your Long Island wanderings with 'Letters to Stella' in the pocket of your own 'Dean Swift.' I assume you have never been in Ireland. . . ."

And at the date K. B. wrote her friendly letter we had only lately left Dublin. This suggests how often in life one must inure one's self to being reproached for NOT doing the very thing one is that moment engaged upon.

Before coming to Dublin, though, it would be unseemly not to say a word about Belfast. Here we encounter another theme of wide human application, viz. the gay variousness of personal impression. Madrigal and I, travelling side by side and encountering the same experiences, were sure to be struck by quite different phases. For me, one interesting moment was the large shipyards, and an item in the *Northern Whig* that a new United Fruit Company steamer was to be built there. That pleased me, as those handsome white vessels are a familiar sight from this downtown window where I write. Madrigal, however, is more likely to remember the excessive number of Presbyterian parsons we saw in the streets. These, I think, somewhat troubled him, as in their sable gear he could not distinguish them from genuine Papists.

There is still a gorgeously Dickensy flavor about any "commercial" hotel in a provincial city of the British Isles. At the Imperial in Belfast you find it at its most pleasing. To sit in the Writing Room, pretending to read your *Northern Whig* but really watching the busy drummers compiling their business of the day; or to sit on a tall stool at the little circular bar in the lounge and hear them chaffing the handsome barmaid; or to see them at breakfast in the Commercial Room—this is to partake an aroma of life as distinctly British as a Liggett Drugstore is American. I thought that the barmaids of the Imperial had just the right touch of hotsy-totsy in their manner toward their clients, though I did not venture to use this phrase. It was at Erskine Mayne's excellent bookshop in Belfast that I made my first careful investigation as to what American writers are most highly esteemed by the British trade. Corroborated by further study in Dublin and London I can give you my list without fear of inaccuracy. I venture to say that in any lively bookshop in those islands you will find most of the following displayed in the window (I set down the names in no special order):—

Emerson Hough
Kathleen Norris
Zane Grey
Jack London
C. A. Seltzer
Grace Richmond
Hulbert Footner
Joseph Lincoln
L. M. Montgomery
Achmed Abdullah
B. M. Bower
G. W. Ogden
J. W. Schultz
Eleanor H. Porter
J. O. Curwood

The Royal Hibernian, justly praised by K. B., looked just a little too swank for us. We went—and I am glad to pay grateful thanks to Mr. Ernest Boyd for the suggestion—to the delightful Standard Hotel. We had not been there long before I understood why it is frequented by Mr. Boyd and other men of letters. As befits a Standard Hotel its bookcases, in the Writing Room, are thoroughly equipped with standard literature. Dublin is eminently an intellectual city, and nowhere else in the world have I found a hotel equipped with the Koran, Virgil, Pindar, Cicero, Herodotus, Don Quixote, Shakespeare, Ruskin, Gibbon, and even my old flame, Kirke White. There was also "Chimes from a Jester's Bells" by R. J. Burdette.

I find in the Black Notebook, or Domesday Book as Madrigal called it (I was bursar on this voyage, and had to keep honorable item against a future reckoning), the insidious memorandum *Debit Madrigal 2 naggins*. This may have been a gesture of courtesy on my friend's part, to atone for the shock I had suffered at the Bridge of Glen Dun. I wonder if K. B. knows what a naggin is? It was the proprietor of O'Farrelly's Grafton Bar who introduced us to it. It is a very tiny bottle that holds two whiskey glasses. Two glasses=one naggin, four naggins=one pint. We had gone to Dublin fortified with many kind suggestions from Dr. Canby and others as to literary people we should pay our respect to. And therefore it is humiliating to have to record that O'Farrelly's Grafton Bar and a certain sewer emptying into the Liffey were our chosen ports of call. I say this, I am aware, subject to misapprehension by the shallow; but to sit in a clean bar-room and hear the liberty of unlicensed thinking is one way to draw near the pulse of a strange country. Moreover those five noble casks behind the counter suggested to us an excellent ballad in five staves—one stave for each barrel. They were lettered as follows: FINE OLD PALE SHERRY, SANDEMAN'S OLD PORT, FINEST OLD JAMAICA RUM, JOHN POWER & SONS 10 YR. OLD, J. J. & SONS 10 YR. OLD.

As for the sewer, the explanation is easy. There is a place where a large drainage pipe of some sort empties into the river, and a good deal of harmless refuse comes down. This is a place of congregation for seagulls who watch alertly for congenial scraps. Leaning over the river-wall you can see them hovering just below you, almost within reach of a hand. I have never had so perfect an opportunity to study those beautiful creatures. I wish I had the ornithophile pen of a Hudson to make you see them and forget the humbly candid scene. The exquisite silky wings, fringed with black; the pearly light shining through their tail-feathers, the quick shifting gaze bright with calculus and latent suspicion—such suspicion as every conscious creature secretly feels toward every other sharer in the enigma of life. Here was poetry indeed, poetry worthy of a city rich with a thousand strange intimations of temperament. Nor were these glorious gulls entirely unlike the fierce wigged lawyers whom we saw in Dublin Castle, swooping and picking at a poor little man in the dock. There, where a rather ragged Free State flag flies over the tower, the old state apartments are turned into courtrooms painted with the harp, and quaint charwomen cook their tea in the viceregal boudoirs. They look out on the grassy graves of six British officers buried in the back garden of the Castle. That, as every tactful Irishman tells you, not wishing to offend any possible sensibilities, was "in the Troublesome Times."

* * *

But I don't want K. B.—or Dr. Canby either—to imagine that our days in Dublin had no specifically "literary" thrill. Madrigal and I did not actually ride in any of the Dean Swift taxis, but we gazed admiringly at the garage, near St. Patrick's Cathedral, where they are housed. In the Cathedral itself, tucked away at the back, is an old discarded pulpit. It was Swift's, the verger said; and I expressed some surprise that it wasn't still used. I should have thought that one of the chief prides of officiating at St. Patrick's would be to stand in the very punctuation of the great harpooner. But no, said the verger, and with entire gravity—"It's not big enough for the preachers nowadays."—Is Swift's epitaph too well-known to be repeated here? I copied it down for you—

HIC DEPOSITUM EST CORPUS
JONATHAN SWIFT S.T.D.
HUJUS ECCLESIAE CATHEDRALIS DECAN
UBI SAEVA INDIGNATIO
ULTERIUS
COR LACERARE NEQUIT
ABI VIATOR
ET IMITARE SI POTERIS
STRENUUM PRO VIRILI
LIBERTATIS VINDICATOREM

Ah, the lovely scorn in the *Abi Viator* and in the *Si Poteris!*

Most of the books will tell you that Swift and Stella were buried side by side. It is not quite true. There are at least two fathoms between them.

Christopher Morley.

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Books of Special Interest

Laying Out the City

THE ART OF TOWN PLANNING. By HENRY VAUGHAN LANCHESTER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1925. $7.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE B. FORD.

HOW delightful it is to find an author who is not afraid to insist that city planning, or town planning as it is called in England, is an art rather than a science! To be sure the American city planner appreciates that the planning of cities should be treated as an art, even as a fine art, but in practice he has been forced to believe that art is taboo and that he must soft pedal if he wishes to gain the support of the "practical business man" who holds the purse strings. Fortunately in England, as everywhere in Europe, there is a general recognition that the æsthetic and the practical cannot be divorced, or as Mr. Lanchester insists, the town plan should express practical solutions artistically.

To prove that history corroborates this idea he reviews town development throughout the ages and shows how in every great period of art, cities have emphasized beauty of aspect. It is only recently since the beginning of the industrial age that they have been diverted from this ideal and that business has been allowed to direct their growth.

Perhaps the most striking and useful suggestion for our times to be found in this historical review is the fact that under the Roman Empire it was the fashion for wealthy citizens to spend a large proportion of their means in giving public improvements and noble buildings to their cities or to the state. What a standard to follow in our day!

The major portion of the book is devoted to a discussion of general principles and procedure all charmingly expressed in non-technical language, which gives the layman at least a rough idea of what the town planner is trying to do and why.

As an architect by training, Mr. Lanchester's approach is primarily æsthetic although constant contact with the practical problems of planning communities has convinced him that the underlying basis of all planning must be sociological. In common with all planners he insists that the first step is to make a thorough "civic survey" or analysis of all of the factors that might affect the development of the agglomeration. Therefore he strongly recommends the creation in every city of a civic museum where up to the minute data about every phase of community life will be readily available for the use of all. He wisely makes proper means of communication the point of departure in creative planning and complements it by zoning, i e. the reservation of each part of an agglomeration for its most appropriate use.

In regard to housing he praises the British tendency to decentralize and get away from the city multiple dwelling. But yet he wisely views the English Garden Cities such as Letchworth and Welwyn, as useful experiment stations rather than as effective solutions, chiefly because most of the strategic sites for self-contained towns are already developed. He feels that in any case, the smaller the garden city or suburb the more it loses in social amenity, in the possibility of rounding out a full social life in its broadest sense; that in the last analysis everything depends on the development of good transportation between the outlying communities and the metropolitan center.

Mr. Lanchester belongs to the school that believes in the vital necessity of big cities to the life of a nation. Their "actions and reactions" he says "are necessary to produce that keenness of neutrality in the few which gives actual life and vigor to a great nation." He lays great stress on the recreation areas and the provision of adequate nature reserves, although his standard for the latter of one acre for 500 people is only about one fifth of the standard actually attained in some American cities.

The discussion of civic, cultural and social centers is particularly interesting. He feels that nothing serves so well to head up civic consciousness and bring town dwellers together as readily accessible centers in which are grouped those activities common to the whole community.

The discussion of tradition, scale and proportion in civic art should be of especial interest to the layman, holding as the author does that nothing in tradition should be eliminated unless we are sure that we can do better now, for he finds that tradition is more strongly entrenched in town planning than in most arts.

He shows how all the various phases of the town plan are to be woven together into a general plan, not only for the community as it is at present but also for its whole tributary environment. This general plan he describes as a "synthesis of all factors, beautifully expressed." This implies harmony of treatment and variety in unity but not freakishness. The rectangular plans of American cities seem to the author, as to many other thinking people, the acme of monotony and unreason.

The apathy toward town planning even of those who by training should be the strongest advocates of it, greatly troubles Mr. Lanchester. To overcome it he urges constant, tireless education despite the fact that it will take many generations of town planning activity to put the city on a par with the country as a place to live healthfully, safely, and enjoyably.

The book falls short, unfortunately, of its possibilities. It is rather too fragmentary and lacks perception in the relative emphasis on the many subjects treated. With a subject as wide in its range as town planning it is obviously most difficult to write a book that will satisfy readers who are so likely to have natural prejudices in favor of special phases of town planning either æsthetic, social, economic, or legal. The book, however, is readable and will serve a useful purpose in making the layman feel that town planning is nothing mysterious or impracticable, but is merely a community extension of common sense principles of foresight, such as is applied by any thinking individual to his own affairs.

Our Democracy

DEMOCRACY AND REPRESENTATION. By WILLIAM SEAL CARPENTER. Princeton University Press. 1925. $1.50.

Reviewed by W. Y. ELIOTT

AFTER the usual searching of the wisdom of the "founding fathers" for light upon the American theory of representative government, and after retracing with historical soundness the struggle between the "Federalists" (who should have been called "Nationalists") and the advocates of States as irreducible units of representation, Dr. Carpenter concludes that most of our contemporary ills flow from "the great 'sinister interest' of States' rights." Starting as we did from a sovereignty vested in the people, and only partially and with reservations delegated to the government, we none the less repudiated Rousseau by substituting representation for direct action of the people. Congress has declined in prestige because of "the evils of local sentiment and self-interest." In order to compensate, we have exalted the President as the representative of the entire nation.

Apparently the principle of the separation of powers is accepted as a necessity. Given this necessity, the only possible remedies of machinery which Dr. Carpenter sees for the United States lie in making representation more proportionate to population through a redistribution of seats in the Senate along sectional, not state, lines. One might hope that so interesting a proposal, although not altogether a novel one, might have been supported by some theoretical analysis of the advantages to be derived by scrapping the historical unity of separate states. Unhappily the author is more concerned with the formal aspects of the difficulty contained in getting around article V of the Constitution than with the real difficulties contained in vesting entire control of the destinies of the country in the populous belt from Chicago eastward. He urges the advantage of the larger regional groupings as an aspect of decentralization, taking the conventional six sections of geography books as his basis of division. And this crucial thesis of a redistributed sectionalism, repreentative and administrative, is stated in three pages of the briefest!

It is to be hoped that Dr. Carpenter proposes to return to his interesting suggestions when he has time or space to do more than throw out such tantalizing hints. His repudiation of economic and occupational groups in favor of territorial units as the basis of representation is probably sound enough, but the case for an advisory economic parliament of industry in the face of the contemporary German and Italian experiments, can hardly be dismissed with a mere footnote. The case for a more intelligent, or at least a more literate electorate is also sufficiently obvious in outline. What is really puzzling about the business is exactly what Dr. Carpenter has not given us: a detailed study of available ways and means.

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A Letter from Italy

By Aldo Sorani

THE formation, under Government auspices, of a committee to supervise the publication of a national edition of Gabriele d'Annunzio's complete works is the literary event of the hour in Italy The honor of a national edition of his works has indeed never before been awarded to a living Italian author, but d'Annunzio today has come to be regarded not only as an artist, and an author, but also as the hero of a new Italy, and the writer of her new glorious history. The committee instituted under the patronage of the King and of Mussolini have collected an aggregate amount of six million lire to form the fund which, in the course of a few years, is to meet the expense of this publication which it is hoped will establish a landmark in the art of book-production. One of the most active and enterprising among Italian publishers, Signor Mondadori, has been entrusted with the issue of this edition, which is to comprise d'Annunzio's entire literary output, poetry, drama, prose, fiction, and political writings, all personally revised and brought up to date.

The news with its attendant conditions above mentioned has proved a matter of intense satisfaction to the poet who sees his most cherished wish come to life, but has been received coldly elsewhere, namely in the Vatican. The *Osservatore Romano*, the official organ of the Holy See, took immediate occasion to point out that a national edition of d'Annunzio's complete works offends the sense of the Catholic Church which, and the fact is common knowledge, has placed all his poetry, plays, and novels upon the Index for their trend contrary to Catholic morality. The Vatican, moreover, has also called attention, albeit in friendly terms, to the overt contrast between this publisher's undertaking, and official approbation, and the Fascist campaign in behalf of public morality and decency which the Government purport to carry on. It may be taken for granted, however, that these protests uttered by the Church will make no great impression upon the committee, and the less so since, though the Vatican asserts d'Annunzio's status to be yet too much open to controversy for him to merit the award of a national publication of his works, they do not deny his great patriotic deserts, admitting his worthiness of the nation's gratitude for his prowess as a fighter, and his awakening of Italy's patriotism in her hour of need.

D'Annunzio meanwhile is hard at work collecting his war-writings. He has recently completed for publication a new collection of his speeches and war-memories to be issued under the title "Il Libro Ascetico Della Giovane Italia" (Milano: L'Olivetana). Living in the seclusion of his Vittoriale Hermitage, on Lake Garda, the poet seems powerless to shake off the burden of the war, and his part therein, and Italy's post-war vicissitudes fail to take his mind off his recollections of the recent past.

The fact, however, that for Italy d'Annunzio remains a living writer is proved by the number of critiques of his work that find a public. Following upon the critical estimates of Borgese, Gargiulo, Pasini, Palmieri, and Croc, the appraisal of a new critic commands attention. Federico Flora, the author of an important study of modern literary tendencies in Italy, "Dal Romanticismo al Futurismo," arrives at conclusions concerning d'Annunzio that cannot fail to strengthen the fears and protests of the Vatican. In his view ("Gabriele d'Annunzio," Napoli: Ricciardi) sensuality inspires d'Annunzio most, and the poet's art is unquestioned and grand only when he manages to free his intellect from its trammels, and can sublimate the temptations of the flesh in the strains of spiritual harmony. None of this is indeed a new idea, and d'Annunzio has already, on more than one occasion, displayed his power to unite sensuality and ascetism in a whole. His genius knows no alien theme, nay, not even Franciscan austerity. D'Annunzio today proclaims himself St. Francis's faithful votary and proposes to solemnize duly the Poverello of Assisi's centenary. In his Hermitage he has instituted a species of monastic rules, ordering that among his war trophies his servants tread habited as poor Clares and Friars, and nailing up in his studio, in a corner, a large picture in which a painter friend has depicted him as the leper whom St. Francis caressed and absolved.

But Italy today is nothing if not Franciscan, Fascist and Franciscan. Editions of every shape and price of the "Fioretti" are diffused with an abundance equal to that wherewith are diffused the Fascist proclamations and pamphlets. A group of poets, till yesterday lauding Paganism, the victory of natural instincts, the will to power, and the war, now call on their fellow citizens to prostrate themselves before St. Francis, as before the most perfect example of humanity and humility. In view of all this, it is not strange that some have suggested that, at night, the sacred heights of La Verna should be lit up with Bengal lights in tri-color shades, to represent that which the Franciscan legend asserts, namely, that at the death of the Saint, all La Verna shone with a supernatural light. Nor is it strange either that some others have thought to hold orchestral concerts, and execute plays on the mount where the Saint of Assisi wedded poverty and joyfully suffered from his stigmata.

But the Church itself has held it opportune, and indeed necessary, to recall that the spirit and the teachings of St. Francis were very diverse from those which many of their celebrators would have the multitude believe. A Pontifical letter has admonished the people that the Franciscan centenary should be celebrated not with noisy eloquence, and with rhetorical fireworks, but with a sincere and cordial adherence to the Franciscan doctrines, and with endeavors to follow the example of charity of the *Poverello*.

Confined in the solitude of their college at Quaracchi, close to Florence, in what was once a sumptous villa of the Rucellai, and after the Orsini, *ad claras aquas*, some learned Franciscan philologists and historians have been working for years in preparing a critical edition of the texts of the more various important documents of Franciscanism. Very few are aware of the existence of the college of Quaracchi, and yet it is just there that is being raised the most solid and important monument of the Franciscan cult. Founded in 1877, in order that a group of Franciscan scholars of every nationality could find peace, absolved from other religious obligations, to devote themselves to the history of their Order, this college, especially through the labors of Father Bernardino of Portogruaro, and of Father Fedele da Fanna, has served the cause of the studies, and the glories of the Franciscan Order in the best possible way. The learned Fathers have issued a critical edition in eleven volumes of the writings of St. Bonaventure, one of the grandest monuments of modern erudition, have published six other volumes of "Analecta Franciscana," have made themselves publishers of the "Bibliotheca Franciscana Mediœvale Scholastica," and of the historical review, *Archivio Storico Francescano*; they have also begun to issue a critical edition of the "Opera Omnia" of Duns Scotus, and are today studying for a critical edition of the Latin text closest to that of the "Fioretti," in order to give the most collated and incontrovertible edition of the "Fioretti" itself, of which innumerable editions are extant.

These Franciscans at Quaracchi work in an obstinate silence, publishing their volumes by the aid of a very modern printing press which they have established in their college, not asking money from anyone, following the maxim that "Divine Providence is the Bank of St. Francis." They do not cry out to the four winds the miracles of patience they have achieved, nor boast of the treasures of their library, nor of their voyages undertaken for the sake of research, nor of the long vigils of study, nor of the great difficulties that stand in the way of their erudite enterprise. But if St. Francis were really to return anew to the world, and descended once again from the illuminated Mount Verna, he would most surely visit his little brothers at Quaracchi, and thank them for that which they have quietly, and humbly done, and tell them that they have prepared for him the better honors, and another "perfect joy."

The Spell of the City

LA SOMBRA DE LA CIUDAD. By Antonio Heras. Madrid: Editorial Páez, Ecija 6. 1926.

Reviewed by Harry Kurz

A PROFESSOR of Spanish at the University of Southern California, Don Antonio has added another book to his notable series of reflective works. The "shadow" of the city is that powerful, intangible hold exerted by the home town upon its denizens. The Spanish *pueblo* like our Main Street has its malignities and venoms. More to be feared, however, than even the tongues of "involuntary spinsters" is that inexorable force emanating from the whole community, sucking each individual into his foredestined groove, paralyzing independence wth the gradual creeping urge of the inevitable. The hero's struggle against this shadow of the small town reminds us somewhat of that depicted in Blasco Ibáñez's "Shadow of the Cathedral."

In Don Antonio's book the fight against this social tyranny is waged with a great love as a spur to victory. Aurelio before leaving for a year of European travel has plighted a conventional troth to a mystic-minded maid of the town. A stay in France brings him in touch with a new freedom and reveals to him true love when his spirit is kindled by a beautiful high-minded French girl. The duel now begins within the profoundest depths of Aurelio. With a perfect sobriety of style, the author lets us feel the deep anguish of this internal dispute between the beckoning freedom of a new life and the retentious routine of the old. So multifarious are the tentacles of the octopus, so gradual and sure in their working, that Aurelio is slowly reclaimed and enfolded. The great war intervenes merely to emphasize the difference between the French girl he loves and who sacrifices her life in hospital work, and the succumbing spirit of the young Spaniard. Unable to react, to free himself, he is left to his fate, the quiet dull life of the small town, casting its intense monotonous shadow on those it holds in its deadening embrace.

The book is attracting much attention in Spain where its sober message is especially felt. It is bound to play a rôle in its reiteration to young Spaniards of the dangers of supineness. It suggests the real power they possess and can exert against the shadowy despotism of routine. For American readers the book should have great interest, for it contains the inspiration of energy that an observant Spaniard in our midst receives to be transmitted to the home country.

Which of these BORZOI books are for you?

SORRELL AND SON
By Warwick Deeping

Almost alone among modern novelists, Warwick Deeping, in this story of a father and son, keeps faith with beauty and courage.
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MARTHA and MARY
By J. Anker Larsen
Author of The Philosopher's Stone
"Tender and beautiful when dealing with tender and beautiful things, brief and almost stunning when tragedy crashes into innocent lives . . . *Martha and Mary* is a great novel."—*William McFee.* $2.50

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The $50,000 Prize Novel
By Fannie Hurst
The *Boston Transcript* calls this story "thrilling," and the *New York World* "scintillating." Thousands of readers are even more enthusiastic. $2.00

THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS
By Marmaduke Pickthall
A young Englishman arrives in Syria and learns that "to lie is the salt of man but shame to him who believes." E. M. Forster says that *The Valley of the Kings* "will serve as a pocket Bible as far south as India." $2.50

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By Harvey Fergusson

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THE MAUVE DECADE
By Thomas Beer
Histories used to be records of events, but *The Mauve Decade* is the story of a state of mind and the people who shared it. The American 90's are now called the mauve decade.
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THE LORD OF LABRAZ
By Pio Baroja

Author of The Struggle for Life, etc.
The dying beauty of an old Spanish town is the background for the living beauty of the two human beings who find each other and themselves. $2.50

THE HOUSE OF SATAN
By George Jean Nathan
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Alfred A. Knopf 730 Fifth Avenue New York

BORZOI BOOKS

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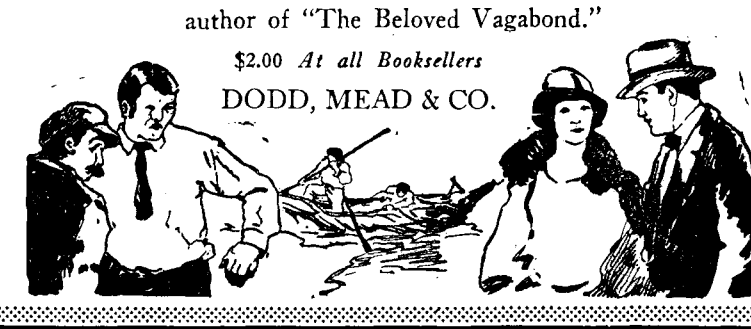

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Points of View

Spengler Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review.*
SIR:

I read, with mingled feelings, in your issue of August 4, a note from my fellow townsman, Victor S. Yarros, asking for more edequate treatment of Oswald Spengler's "Decline of the West." In so far as he is merely making this request my voice joins with his in earnest supplication, but I qualify it to the extent of asking that the reviewer be not permitted to go off on irrelevant tangents in the manner of Mr. Yarros himself. A proper treatment of Spengler is the one great piece of "unfinished business" left over from an exceptional season, but unless he be actually read and an intelligent attempt made to meet him at least halfway, the business will remain unfinished for many another season.

For Spengler is proposing not simply a new theory, but a new vision, new from the ground up, demanding a historical retina of a fundamentally novel structure. He asks that history be interpreted as "physiognomic" rather than as "systematic," and by that he means according to a mental process closely akin to the one whereby a poet apprehends the beauty of a sunset. One is to sense, intuitively, the soul of a certain group psychology, which he calls a "culture," just as one subconsciously creates for oneself a reaction to a certain face. It is a method which no words can describe, hence Herr Spengler, or his excellent translator, Mr. Atkinson, is obliged to resort to old terms, meanwhile explaining again and again that his connotation is an altogether unprecedented one. It is in this manner he has utilized the terms "culture" and "civilization," and Mr. Yarros's trying to argue the same terms with the ordinary scholastic significance is striking in the dark.

The mass of what little has been said on Spengler betrays this same tendency, a persistent refusal to appraise his real stand. Mr. Yarros says Bach and Beethoven are played in every music center of the western world. The point precisely is that in the western world of course they are, for they are products of the same west's culture, but are Chinese and Hindu compositions given the same hearing, or would Greek music and Egyptian march rhythms be received as well, could we know what they were? Spengler argues that once you have apprehended the souls of various cultures you appreciate the fact that their basic textures are different, and that the only one you can really know is your own. Mr. Yarros would seem to prove the assertion in his own person, for he cannot get enough outside the aroma of his own training and experience, his culture, to know that it has one.

It is wrong to say that Spengler believes the age bankrupt. He merely says it will no longer produce Shakespeares and Goethes. He decidedly believes that this epoch has its activity, its place in just as important a manner as any other. The diversions Mr. Yarros lists as proofs of its vitality are exactly those which support Spengler's thesis, for in the "spring" of a culture were such things dreamed of? And are they not "contemporary," in Spengler's phrase, with other movements which have marked the closing periods of his other cultures? If Mr. Yarros will answer this question he will be criticizing something that appears in the book; otherwise he is merely betraying an annoyance at hearing somebody quoting Spengler.

In Shaw's "St. Joan," when the inquisitor is laboring with the Maid to determine the exact nature of her heresy, and together they are working towards a statement of her religious self-reliance that will threaten the very foundation of the church, a certain monk, who can think only in the formulistic terms of ecclesiastical law, keeps breaking in with, "But did you not steal the Bishop's horse?" Mr. Yarros and the hundred others who have brought conventional mouthings to their criticism of Spengler are only serving to befuddle the most important historical, philosophical, and social issue that has been broached in many a year. If Spengler is to be dislodged it will have to be on his own grounds. The chapter he calls "The Meaning of Numbers" will have to be proven false, and in some manner the physical, mental, and spiritual identity of the various cultures asserted. For all I know this may be very possible, but in the face of the overwhelming evidence and the captivating arguments Spengler offers it may well be doubted. And once the premise is granted the rest, like Calvinism, seems almost inevitable. I do not doubt there are many errors, some of them perhaps ludicrous, in his thought, and mistakes in his history, and exceptions to his generalizations, but on the whole he has contributed the most provocative thought on the nature of things uttered by any thinker since the time of Immanuel Kant, and he deserves at least a proper hearing in his own rôle.

PERRY G. MILLER.

Chicago.

"Better Writing"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

The editorials in your weekly are usually my chief delight. Generally, I find them well-informed and competently written. Hence my particular dismay when I read in this week's issue your article, "Me's or I's." Not that I am in complete disagreement with its thesis—I agree that we should not "allow the speech of the more critically educated to yield precision to a charge of affectation" if, indeed, there is any danger of it—but I regret a confusion of thought which if the writer was not subject to, the reader is likely to be.

The question of the use of "it is me" has nothing to do with any seeming affectation, whatever the College Entrance Examination Board may think. Nor is there any reason for inquiring "Who are to be the arbiters of language, the masses or the scholars?" Incidentally, however, Barrett Wendell answered that correctly. By "custom, sanctioning the usage" can only be meant the masses. And, in this case, the masses have distinguished themselves as superior to the scholars by discovering the subtle inadequacy of the single nominative, "I."

Havelock Ellis attacks the question from the proper angle in Chapter IV of "The Dance of Life." He writes:

> But there are other points at which some, even good critics (that lets you out!) may be tempted to accept the condemnation of the literary grammarians. It is sufficient to mention one: the nominative use of the pronoun "me." Yet, surely, anyone who considers social practice as well as psychological necessity should not fail to see that we must recognize a double use of "me" in English. The French, who in such matters seem to have possessed a finer social and psychological tact, have realized that "je" cannot be the sole nominative of the first person and have supplemented it by "moi" ("mi" from "mihi"). The Frenchman, when asked who is there, does not reply "Je!" But the would-be purist in English is supposed to be reduced to replying "I!" Royal Cleopatra asks the Messenger: "Is she as tall as me?" The would-be purist no doubt transmutes this as he reads into: "Is she as tall as I?" We need not envy him.

We certainly need not. Neither need we raise a question of affectation or of who will rule the language. It is a question of better writing and speaking alone.

GEORGE HAINES IV.

West Chester, Pa.

Protest

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

It is a pleasure to find myself in general agreement with the unsigned review of my translation of Marcel Le Goff's memoir of Anatole France. A few of the reviewer's assumptions however, need qualification. The first and most destructive regards the extent to which a writer's integrity is involved in the character of the work with which he finds it necessary from time to time to associate himself. The problem may be stated as a choice between writing a novel of popular character (I know a poet whose poems a publisher is willing to print if he writes a novel too) or engaging in equally ready-made periodical literature, or undertaking the comparatively impersonal task of translating an interesting though unimportant book. The reviewer's position seems to be that he too, is willing to take advantage of the "parisitology" (*sic*) of literature, but anonymously, so that his point of view differs from the translator's only in the latter's greater frankness in owning to a personal dependence on parasitology.

More serious become his assumptions based on faults found with the text of the translation itself. But the reviewer's distress over the treatment of proper names can hardly equal my own, and I feel obliged to make the following brief statement to compose both of us. Before sailing to Egypt at short notice I gave the publisher, against my better judgment, the first uncorrected rough draft of this translation, hastily dictated to typists: he was unwilling to postpone publication. I made the condition that this typescript should be sent for formal revision to a competent translator whom I knew to be familiar with the text and that the proofs should be read by him. That the publisher was unable to keep his promise is plain from citations in the review (the book itself I have not yet seen). But this explanation is in no way to be considered an apology in reply to the reviewer's absurd assumption that because certain important proper names have been misspelt "the interest of the translator and publisher had been focussed" rather on the *chronique scandaleuse* than on France's intellectual *milieu*, etc. For I might similarly be tempted to conclude that the anonymous reviewer was insufficiently equipped to review my translation because he (or the editor or the proof-reader) did not know how to spell parasitology or could not copy correctly an important proper name—mine: whereas I think it only fair to suggest that his discovery that "this volume continues in part the *chronique scandaleuse* of France's later days" (an element in which it is singularly lacking) may be due to an incomplete reading rather than to the discussing of a special interest on those parts of the book he did not, unfortunately, read. But since Le Goff has obviously not understood when I write *unimportant*, I do not mean to imply that Le Goff's book does not give as much new material on Anatole France's attitude toward such important subjects as the war, the Russian Revolution, the Dreyfuss affair, the historic city of Christ, etc.; or that Le Goff, for all his obvious stupidity, was not earnest and faithful in recording them. I mean merely to point out what should not have needed pointing out, that the book was written and translated not because of Le Goff but because of France, and that no greater claim was made for it than that it should for this reason prove interesting, as it undoubtedly does—certainly as interesting as any of the similar books which have recently appeared, and with greater pretensions. But since Le Goff has obviously not understood France and the reviewer complains that the translator, publisher, and proof-reader have been united in misunderstanding Le Goff, and the reviewer himself has obviously not understood me, should we not all be fretful for the combined circumstances which have made so much remunerative activity, not to speak of parisitology (*sic*), possible?

LAURA RIDING GOTTSCHALK.

Worlds's End, Islip, Oxford.

A Correction

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review.*
SIR:

May I have a brief space to make one correction of fact relative to the review of my "Manito Mask," in your issue of July 17? The reviewer says: "In the Masks the author combines the drummer and the singer—rather a surprising combination since it is a characteristic of Indian music that the rhythm of the drum is a separate rhythmic unity from that of the song or dance, touching them and moving away so that in Indian dances the drummer rarely sings." As a matter of fact, the Indian dances amazingly with the drum, in very unusual rhythmic patterns, and where his singing accompanies dancing the rhythm of the song frequently determines both that of the drum and that of the dance. There are numerous cases where Indian musicians who drum and sing at the same time (and both Plains and Pueblo Indians do drum to their own singing, as I have seen and heard, despite the amazing statement of some of my critics that this never occurs) carrying differing rhythmic patterns in song and drum. It is just this effect that I have provided for in the latitude offered the musician's rôles in the "Masks." The art is, to be sure, difficult, but it can be imitated and is effective, as experimental productions have shown.

HARTLEY ALEXANDER.

Santa Fe, New Mexico.

A Slip

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In your issue of July 31, the following correction should have been made in the letter on "Letting One's Self Go." The paragraph—"How accurately, too, he hit the middle of the forehead of that good Goliath, Carlyle," should have been transposed so that it came before the quotation on Carlyle; i.e. "He did not have in the old way . . . the depths were laid open etc." This will make the Shepherd's pebble hit the mark, as it did not after the set-up.

E. B. SHERMAN.

Queries

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

This letter may look like a long story before it is done, but you will have to lay the blame on the highly provocative re mark made in "Trade Winds" in the *Re view* of May 29, 1926, which I no quote:

"Jocunda, to my private amusement an applause, now proclaims J. B. Priestley a her new Prophet; she says Priestley ha 'disposed' of Mencken and we can go ahea with new things."

Now I have what I consider a well grounded respect and admiration for H. L M., and you may be sure every one of m pathetically few hairs is bristling with in dignation; and I proceed to propound th following questions, which I hope you wil see fit to answer, that I may judge for my self what justification "Jocunda" may have

(1.) Who is J. B. Priestley and wha has he written? Particularly, what is th name of the book or other outgiving i which he "disposed of" H. L. M.?

(2) Who is Cornell Woolrich and wha has he written that every intelligent perso should read?

(3) Who were (or are) Chaunce Tinker and York Powell, and what, pray did they "sit up late to read"?

I shall be most grateful for informatio on the above.

When replying, would you also be kin enough to give me the names of two o three books which would be helpful to lady of my acquaintance who is blossomin out as a poetess? She would like somethin elementary on the technical side of poetry and then something on theory, form, style and so on.

Thanking you in advance for you courtesy, and hoping I have not asked to much, I beg to remain

Yours very truly,

HAROLD C. BRAINERD.

Babe, the Ox

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I note with interest Mr. James Stevens' letter in *The Saturday Review of Literatur* for August 7th, having to do with Pau Bunyan and his legend.

Lest by some unfortunate chance this re port has failed otherwise to reach you, am moved to name you Babe, the Big Blu Ox, as the agency through which wa brought about the extraordinary fertility o the Red River Valley (of the North, be tween Minnesota and North Dakota).

Babe, it seems, was stabled near the Re River during the winter in which Pau Bunyan logged off North Dakota. Th barn, large as it undoubtedly was, althoug fortunately floorless, had to be jacked u daily, and, at that, moved to an entirel new site every third day. By spring— which comes late enough in this part of th country to lend plausibility to the story— the entire Valley, fifty miles wide and tw hundred miles long, had been richly fer tilized to an average depth of eight fee (or was it nine?).

The only unhappy circumstance connecte with the affair was that the forest-loving tote-road shagamaws—our only big gam since the buffalo—all migrated to Minne sota; but they find the climate there ver distressing, and now are seldom seen.

JOHN DOUGLAS LEITH.

A Bowling Green Tale

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

This is just to tell you how glad we who read *The Saturday Review of Liter ature,* are to see The Bowling Green back after its vacation.

By the way, may I tell you a rather goo Bowling Green story? The last time was in England I paid my first visit t Plymouth. Of course, I made for the Hoe There I saw a big bowling green with si or seven matches going on, I suppose o the very same green used by Drake an Hawkins, for the historic match they playe when the Armada was approaching. Whil we watched the play, it began to rain Did the players stop? They did not. The finished their matches under their umbrellas Nor rain nor Armada could stop an Eng lish bowler.

ALEXANDER JOHNSON.

Amawalk, N. Y.

One of the most popular of recent Ger man women novelists was Franziska Gräfi zu Reventlow who died in 1918. Her collected works have now been issued in a single volume which includes with her fiction a long diary of her adventurous and unorthodox life. She was a woman who always held that woman should enjoy the same freedom of expression and life as men, and her journal presents her application of her theories to her own life as her fiction does to an imaginary sphere.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later

Belles Lettres

WOMEN IN ANCIENT INDIA, MORAL AND LITERARY STUDIES. By CLARISSE BADER. Dutton. 1926.

The studies that make up "La Femme dans l' Inde Antique" were written in the sixties; as far as historical or linguistic information goes they now distinctly "date." Scholars nowadays have considerable fun with the enthusiasts of the period, and make remarks like these about the "Aryan" of the European scholars. "Their family life was happy and sweetly reasonable. At the head of the household were the protectors of its weal and the manager of its concerns. The members of the family, the milk-maid daughter and the supporter-brother, had all the virtues that are sisterly and brotherly." In Mlle. Bader's studies, the word "Aryan" each time she uses it, is rich in such associations. And with the confidence of 1860 she can state that the young girl was designated by the name of *duhitri*, "of which the root is still retained in the Germanic idiom, indicating her principal duty in Vedic family, namely, milking the cow, the sacred animal of India." Was this her most important occupation? Were material cares her only lot? This may be doubted on reading the hymns of the Veda attributed to women, and which supposed a highly moral and religious education. More recent scholars find that they cannot lean so heavily on the Sanskrit and Germanic word—it is "more likely to mean *quae lactat* or *quae lactet* than 'the milkmaid.'"

But even if Mlle. Baders's history and philology "date" and even if her "Aryan" enthusiasm leads her into fantastic speculations, there is still enough in her studies to justify a translation of them being included in Trubner's Oriental Series. For in her chapters on "Women During the Heroic Period" she gives abstracts of the Mahabharata and the Ramayana that, for liveliness and freshness, are the best accounts of these limitless epics accessible. There is also a chapter on "The Position of Women in the Court of Malava," which gives an account of the Sakuntala. These re-tellings of the great classics of India make it worth while possessing "Women in Ancient India."

THE SPIRIT OF ORIENTAL POETRY. By *Paran Singh*. Dutton. $4.

FAMOUS ENGLISH BOOKS. By *Amy Cruise*. Crowell. $2 net.

MY GRAY GULL. By *William Valentine Kelley*. Abingdon Press. $1.50.

ON THE SAND-DUNE. By *K. S. Venkataraman*. Madras: Ganesh.

A TUFT OF COMET'S HAIR. By *F. W. Boreham*. Abingdon. $1.75.

WORDSWORTH'S LITERARY CRITICISM. Edited by *Lowell C. Smith*. Oxford University Press. $1.25.

THE BACKGROUND OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By *H. J. C. Grierson*. Holt. $2.50.

THE CRAFT OF THE POET. By *F. W. Felkin*. Holt. $1.50.

CRITICAL ESSAYS. By *Osbert Burdett*. Holt. $2.

MEDITATIONS OF A PROFANE MAN. By *"H."* Holt.

Biography

SIR WALTER RALEIGH. By *Martin A. S. Hume*. Knopf.

MY MUSICAL LIFE. By *Walter Damrosch*. Scribner's. $2.

LAST MEMORIES OF A TENDERFOOT. By *R. B. Townshend*. Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

AN ARTIST'S LIFE IN LONDON AND PARIS. By *A. Ludovici*. Minton, Balch, $3.75.

THE MARRIAGE MARKET. By *Charles Kingston*. Dodd, Mead.

Drama

LONESOME ROAD. Six Plays for the Negro Theatre. By PAUL GREEN. McBride. 1926. $2.

In the preface to Mr. Green's first volume of plays published last year we read that he is profoundly interested in the creation of a Negro Theatre. For such a theatre already we have powerful drama, "Granny Maume," by Ridgely Torrance, O'Neill's "Emperor Jones" and "All God's Chillun Got Wings," Ernest Howard Culbertson's "Goat Alley." To this last must be added Paul Green's own delightful comedy "The No'Count Boy," and now these realistic studies in this, his latest volume, plays which are in themselves a distinct contribution to American folk drama.

Not that these plays are to be considered as generally representative of the Negro race. On the contrary they deal only with the specific Negro of eastern North Carolina as Mr. Green so well knows him, the Negro who has "borne the brunt of the brutal dirty work, living in the vilest of huts, the prey to his own superstitions," ever playing a losing game in competition with the white "gods of the earth." As foreshadowed by the title, all are tragedies. From them arises a minor note, as detached, as fatalistic as the cry of the whip-poor-will in lonely southern mountains. The first and last are scenes taken from a full-length drama as yet unpublished, and portray the pitiful struggle of a powerful half-white to lift himself and the dark race through education. This theme is again treated in "The End of the Row," further complicated by sex. "White Dresses," because of its very simplicity perhaps the most poignant bit of writing Mr. Green has given us, shows the revulsion of an attractive mulatto girl from marriage with a full-blooded negro. Not the immorality, since that implies standards, but the unmorality of young and old is set forth in "The Prayer Meeting." All these problems are purely those of the Negro. In "The Hot Iron" alone, where a wife, worn through poverty and child bearing kills her worthless husband, could the characters be changed from "black" to "white" without loss of point.

It is a dark picture that Mr. Green draws, yet not unrelieved. Here and there are flashes of true negro humor, while by the use of the "spirituals" Mr. Green gives a musical setting to his action that lifts it out of stark realism into poetic appeal. Indeed, the "spirituals" would almost seem to be the source of his inspiration, their melancholy forming his mood, their lyricism influencing his speech to its fine rhythm.

From the point of view of literature these plays should not be missed by the general reader, for as Mr. Barrett Clark states in an excellent Introduction to this volume, Mr. Green has evolved here a type of lyrical folk drama unlike anything so far written in this country. His work has imagination, harmony of mood, dramatic insight into situation and character. Moreover it has throughout the tang of the soil. Little Theatres everywhere who desire to do sincere things will inevitably include these plays in their repertory.

THE GARBAGE MAN. By JOHN DOS PASSOS. Harpers. 1926. $2.

This is the book of the play by John Dos Passos which was produced early last Spring in New York under the title "The Moon Is a Gong." Edward Massey, we understand from the author in his note at the end of this volume, "is responsible for the musical comedy method of presentation, certain traces of which I have incorporated into the stage directions. . . . Edward Massey's version was particularly important in that it was an attempt to bridge the horrible chasm between the 'serious' play that takes itself seriously and thinks that it's ART and the regular Broadway show that everybody is ashamed of, but that manages to keep a houseful of people sitting straight up in their seats from eight-thirty to eleven-thirty six nights a week. This production was out to squeeze every bit of theatre it could get out of the play instead of trying to hypnotize the audience into thinking it was acquiring merit and culture."

Such was the experiment on the stage. Now Mr. Dos Passos agreeably sub-titles the printed version, "A Parade with Shouting," a sub-title we think excellent. The book holds one in the reading. The play is as much a medley as was the novel, "Manhattan Transfer." But it is swift and lyric where that moved to a harder, heavier rhythm. One thing is certain, there is ebullient life in it, an athletic daring that excites one concerning the new theatre, if a new American theatre emerges from such attempts as these.

SUICIDE, And Other One Act Comedies. By CONRAD SEILER. Crowell. 1926. $2.

Directors of little theatres and all amateur producing groups constantly discover how difficult it is to find good light comedies for their programs. These plays by Conrad Seiler will help to fill this need. All have been tested by production, one of them, "Fantasia," winning a Drama League prize. All move swiftly, holding the interest; the dialogue is crisp, the action while of the simplest kind, having the necessary theatre element of suspense. In building his plays Mr. Seiler is much influenced by the idea of symmetry, repeating his dialogue and business, but always to clever effect. Except "An Eye For An Eye," which is a straightforward and well written bit of realistic melodrama, all the plays are made one remove from life by terming the characters The Man, The Girl, The Bandit, etc., showing the deliberate intention of their being comedies of situation rather than character. Two are built on the Pierrot theme, yet without the old sentimentality. The settings are simple, the business clearly indicated, so that production is easily made from this printing.

And good reading these plays are also, light trifles, with a touch of satire to give them pungency. The descriptions of scenes and characters are given a whimsical turn, though here Mr. Seiler can not claim originality as long ago Mr. Stuart Walker set this style of careless confidence between reader, or audience and the author, in his plays for the Portmanteau Theatre.

THE PROCESS OF PLAY PRODUCTION. By *Allen Crafton* and *Jessica Royer*. Crofts. $2.25.

DRAMATIC SEQUELS. By *St. John Harkin*. Minton, Balch. $2.50.

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

(*Continued from previous page*)

Fiction

THE UNDERSTANDING HEART. By PETER B. KYNE. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1926. $2

Lovers of the mythical wild west exploited by Harold Bell Wright, Edison Marshall, and Peter B. Kyne will be delighted at the announcement of a new work by the third of these mythologists. The book presents a fine array of the heroic demi-gods that in the fancy of such writers haunt the entire region between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Coast. There is the noble gentlemanly outlaw, Bob Mason, the noble gentlemanly forest ranger, Tony Garland, the noble old Uncle Charley —who is just what old Uncle Charley must be—and, above all, there is the noble forest look-out Monica Dale, brave as a mountain-lion and pure as the driven snow; there are also the inevitable modern edition of the Sheriff of Nottingham and the villainous representatives of a heartless corporation. All of these chase each other up and down the Siskiyou Mountains for three hundred and seventy-four pages of cinematic adventures at the end of which hero and heroine are happily married and given a million dollar wedding present by the generous author.

The "understanding heart" of the title is shared by nearly all the characters, including horses and mules, but the largest portion belongs to the heroine who combines the qualities of Helen of Troy, Queen Elizabeth, and the Sistine Madonna. She not only out-shoots and outwits all the men but towers above them in moral rectitude. They, fine as they are, sometimes break into rough masculine oaths, such as "By gad!" and "By gravy!" But Monica Dale is free even from this single western vice of hard swearing. She is a convincing example of what life in the great out-of-doors, in sun, rain, wind, and snow can do not only for the character but for the complexion. "Lip-stick, rouge and powder-puff had never violated the rich, creamy cheeks." It is to be hoped that those city-dwelling maiden readers of Mr. Kyne who have fallen into the quaint custom of using lip-sticks on their cheeks will henceforth discontinue the degenerate habit.

THE VILLAGE IN THE JUNGLE. By LEONARD WOOLF. Harcourt, Brace. 1926. $2.50.

Mr. Woolf, now literary editor of the London *Nation & Atheneum*, deserves to be as well known as his brilliant wife if only because of this admirable novel. Written during his long stay in Ceylon it was published some twelve years ago in London and now makes a belated appearance in America. Nothing save the appearance is belated. "The Village in the Jungle" does not date and is never likely to date. It deals entirely with the life of the native Cingalese. White men make few and merely fitful appearances in his tale which treats of the gradual encroachment of the jungle upon a tiny village in its midst. The story is sheer tragedy, poignant, inevitable, searching, and dominated from first to last by the implacable atmosphere, the spirit of the jungle. Everything, scene, characterization, story is original and completely unfamiliar and we recommend the novel not only as an unusually fine piece of work, but also as one of the most refreshing books in modern fiction.

LISTEN, MOON! By LEONARD CLINE. Viking Press. 1926. $2.

From the tragic heights of his remarkable first novel, "God Head," Mr. Cline here departs to write a vastly amusing burlesque romance. His humor is broad, fanciful, fresh, infectious, and yet his masterly prose seems to lose nothing of its charm through being employed upon boisterously comic materials. Higbie Chafinch, Johns Hopkins professor of Latin, aged sixty-six, respected resident of a Baltimore suburb and pillar of the church, is freed from the ties of the prosaic past by the death of his wife. The pagan daughter of the local minister, Ruth Pudley, is the initial force which rekindles in Higbie the all but expired longing to know wild, untrammeled joy. An eccentric philanthropist, Hiltonshurley Moggs, of the "Moggs Foundation for the Purveying of Useless Things to Worthy People," adds more fuel to the fire of Higbie's unrest. These three are joined by an enterprising reporter who scents the story of his career, an elderly housekeeper, and, reluctantly, by Ruth's outraged father. They buy a crumbling oyster schooner, man it themselves, and in the garb of pirates sail forth to ravage the placid shores of Chesapeake Bay.

Their first buccaneering exploit consists in robbing chicken coops and truck gardens, for which they are promptly arrested, but at once released by the judge, who turns out to be a former student of Higbie's classes. Catching the spirit of their adventure, the judge deserts his bench and attaches himself to them with plans for a treasure hunt. Here we must close our partial outline by urging the reader, if he leans toward nonsensical entertainment of the richest kind, to secure a copy of the book.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM VIRGINIA. By CHARLES ALDEN SELTZER. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $2.

Allan Berisford, the hero of Mr. Seltzer's latest novel, seems to us far too elaborately unnatural and infallible even for the principal of a story concerned with the West four decades ago. This superman appears, startlingly costumed like one of his Cavalier ancestors, supported by numerous retainers, and armed with legal titles to an immense tract of land, to establish permanent residence in a region of Texas sacred to outlaws and desperadoes of the blackest stamp. Needless to say, he is unwelcome, the roughs, to their sorrow, declaring war upon him at once. The struggle, with serious loss of life (Allan and his men being deadly shots) to his foes, is fought to an absorbing and gory climax. A girl, the daughter of a lately murdered gambler, who seeks Allan's protection, is in the thick of it all, and through her is introduced the gentle subject of love. In the main, particularly in its description of several frontier scenes, the tale is uncommonly well written, but its incredible hero cannot be easily swallowed.

THE BLACK GLOVE. By J. G SARASIN. Doran. 1926. $2.

Restoration England in 1666, just after the scourge of the great plague had passed, the year when fire razed most of London to the earth, has seldom, in our day, known a more graphic and picturesque portrayal than this. Historical personages, the celebrated General Monck, Duke of Albemarle, the Duchess, and the poet-profligate Earl of Rochester, play important parts in the destinies of the fictional heroine and hero. The latter, Captain Richard Tyburn, a felon escaped from penal bondage in Virginia, now returned to his native England, wears constantly on his left hand a black leather glove, why, one marvels, and is not informed until the tale is far under way. He weds, to save her good name, Antonia, maid-in-waiting to the Queen, and together they prevail against myriad perils and vicissitudes. The story is unabatingly alive and interesting, tempestuous, handled throughout with fine skill, as fascinating a romance of the "Merry Monarch's" time as we have read in recent years.

MARKETING DEB. By HUGHES CORNELL. Macaulay. 1926. $2.

In San Francisco society, Mrs. Dale, due to her being an English noblewoman and widow of an eminent American minister, held a high, but financially insecure, place. Therefore, her daughter, Deb, had been trained to seek the best possible matrimonial catch that offered. Some tempting candidates present themselves, but unfortunate complications in Deb's butterfly existence prevent her capture of one and keep Deb unclaimed until she discovers that the most desirable man of the lot is he who has been all the while nearest to her. There is nothing new or noteworthy in the story, but for the not too exacting feminine reader it should be mildly congenial.

MEDUSA'S HEAD. By JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON. Appleton. 1926. $1.50.

Years ago, under her maiden name of Josephine Dodge Daskam, Mrs. Bacon gave us some unusually intertaining stories of children. "The Madness of Philip" was a sample. The manner of narration was inimitably her own.

Since those halcyon days Mrs. Bacon has produced not a little fiction. She is a deft writer, a crisp writer, and a neat. But she has failed to equal, not to say surpass, her earlier work.

"Medusa's Head" is built around a rather clever idea, somewhat preposterous. The tale is neatly joined and fitted. The sentimental climax is managed well enough. The story is good light reading for an idle evening; there is the ancient thrill of a mystery in it, with an unexpected and ingenious explanation. There are even good movie possibilities in the tale, except for the matter of pigmentation, which might necessitate kinemacolor.

But adequate second-rate fiction from one who once exploited a new field in a new way is not sufficient for those of us who still remember Philip in all his madness.

THE HOUSE OF CRIMSON SHADOWS. By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. Small, Maynard. 1926.

Mr. Stacpoole can turn out a thriller with consummate ease. He has a lively imagination for plot, and draws upon the far places of the world for scene. The story begins in the gambling and drinking halls of Nagaski. Kit Kernochan, seal poacher and gun runner who had given much trouble in seas which Russian and Japanese police watch is commissioned to steal a famous Chinese joss or idol. It is Kashima, the wife of a rich Chinese who must have the joss. Kernochan sails in a schooner with a rag-tag crew and fetches his booty; he also brings back Yae, a girl flung his way by chance. Many an adventure is to befall Kit and Yae before the demands of this romance in the Far East are fulfilled. It is a colorful tale, told rapidly and with enough of the East in it to cast a mysterious glamour over the reader.

THE TENDERFOOT. By *Francis Lynde.* Scribners. $2.

NIGGER HEAVEN. By *Carl Van Vechten.* Knopf. $2.50.

THE LORD OF LABRAZ. By *Pio Baroja.* Knopf.

HOT SATURDAY. By *Harry Fergusson.* Knopf.

MEDUSA'S HEAD. By *Josephine Daskam Barcon.* Appleton. $1.50.

DEVICES AND DESIRES. By *Vera Wheatley.* Dutton.

THE CIRCUS LADY. By *Josephine de Mott Robinson.* Crowell. $2.50 net.

THE BLOOD OF KINGS. By *Reginald Wright. Kauffman.* Duffield. $2.

A NIGHT IN THE LUXEMBOURG. By *Remy de Gourmont.* Modern Library. 95 cents net.

THE MAN THEY HANGED. By *Robert W. Chambers.* Appleton. $2.

THE BELOVED RAJAH. By *A. E. R. Craig.* Minton, Balch. $2.

OUR DOCTOR. By *Maurice Duplay.* Translated by *Joseph Collins.* Harpers. $2.

THE SECRET THAT WAS KEPT. By *Elizabeth Robins.* Harpers. $2.

THE PAINTED ROOM. By *Margaret Wilson.* Harpers. $2.

BELLARION. By *Rafael Sabatini.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

THE WHITE GOD'S WAY. By *Stanley Shaw. Barse & Hopkins.* $2.

NOT AFRAID. By *Dane Coolidge.* Dutton. $2.

HILDA WARE. By *L. Allen Harker.* Holt.

OKLAHOMA. By *Courtney Ryley Cooper.* Little, Brown. $2 net.

PORTIA MARRIES. By *Jeanette Phillips Gibbs.* Little, Brown. $2 net.

VISIONS AND JEWELS. By *Moysheh Oyved.* Holt. $2.

PETEY SIMMONS AT SIWASH. By *George Fitch.* Little, Brown. $2 net.

AT GOOD OLD SIWASH. By *George Fitch.* Little, Brown. $2 net.

Juvenile

GAY'S YEAR ON SUNSET ISLAND. By *Marguerite Aspinwall.* Putnam.

ONCE ON A TIME. By *A. A. Milne.* Putnam.

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE ARK. By *Kenneth M. Walker* and *Geoffrey M. Boumphrey.* Dutton. $2.

THE MOUSE BOOK. By *Nellie M. Leonard.* Crowell. $2 net.

LISTEN, CHILDREN! By *Stephen Southwold.* Dodd, Mead. $1.50.

LITTLE SALLY WATERS. By *Ethel Calvert Phillips.* Houghton Mifflin. $1.75.

JOHN MARTIN'S BIG BOOK. No. 10. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

EVELI AND BERI. By *Johanna Spyr.* Crowell. 60 cents net.

THE LONG PATROL. By *Albert W. Traynor.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

POLLY'S SECRET. By *Harriet A. Nash.* Little, Brown. $2 net.

AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL. By *Louisa M. Alcott.* Little Brown. $2 net.

GYPSY MAN. By *Carroll Watson Rankin.* Holt. $1.75.

MRS. CHICK. By *Lucy Fitch Perkins.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.

Miscellaneous

FORTY UNUSUAL PLANS FOR SELLING LIFE INSURANCE. By *J. Stanley Edwards.* Crofts. $2.50.

YOU'RE ON THE AIR. By *Graham McNamee.* Harpers. $1.75.

AIRMEN AND AIRCRAFT. By *Henry H. Arnold.* Ronald Press. $3.50.

THE TAXATION OF INHERITANCE. By *William J. Schultz.* Houghton Mifflin. $3.

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PRINCIPLES OF HUMAN GEOGRAPHY. By *P. Vidal de la Blache.* Edited by *Emmanuel de Martonne.* Holt.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

A BALANCED RATION

PERELLA. By *W. J. Locke.* (Dodd, Mead.)

BENJAMIN DISRAELI. By *Sir Edward Clarke.* (Macmillan.)

CRITICAL ESSAYS. By *Osbert Burdett.* (Holt.)

"OF course you will report," says a letter to the Reader's Guide, "on your visit to England." "When are you going to share with us," asks another, "your vacation among English authors?" So, in varying forms, many letters.

In the first place, I am not on vacation. If you visited the British Museum this summer mine may have been one of those humped and moveless forms you saw through the glass door of the Reading Room. I have a reader's rights at the London Library, founded by Carlyle, from which members may take home *incunabula,* should they have this unaccountable desire. Every ship brings bundles of letters and takes back bags of replies: copy crosses regularly; work goes on as if I were in Eighty-fifth street.

But no work is wearing that can be carried on in Kensington. Almost anyone can live charmingly in Kensington. If you are a princess or a pensioner you can live in the Palace; if a writer, in a green street off a green square in a Georgian house with an address long as a litany, or in temperamental Redcliffe Road, according to your royalties. If you are a chimney-sweep you can live in Hogarth Place in a brick cottage covered with roses and your brush sticking out the window for a sign. If you are the Reader's Guide you live in a maisonette in Earl's Court Road, complete with cat, a proud Persian named Rudolph Valentino.

From this base I have made, in a casual and dreamlike way, various excursions. I have spent the afternoon in Christopher Robin's golden-walled nursery in Chelsea, where I was permitted to hold Pooh, the most human Teddybear ever loved alive by a little boy, and the hero of Mr. Milne's new book. When Pooh came into the Milne family he was just the size of Christopher Robin and he still thinks he is; long since he lost an eye, which gives him an alert and rakish look. Since I met Christopher Robin last year he has begun to go to school, and for the two hours that he is away Pooh sits on his pillow and waits, supported by Kanga and Baby Roo (a plush wallaby with her child in her pouch) and the soft-eyed pig in a green jacket whose picture by Mr. Shepard you will see in the soon-to-be-immortal book.

British authors, so far as I have met them, live lapped in loveliness, even if they live in London. Not one I have met writes in commonplace or unbeautiful surroundings. When Frank Swinnerton comes to America this Fall I hope he brings with him a sheaf of photographs of his tile-roofed cottage in Surrey, with so brilliant a garden that I should think when he sets out to write in his study built in the midst of it, he would have to draw the curtains to get any work done. J. C. Snaith's house is embowered in the Hampstead Garden Suburb: Arthur Machen lives in St. John's Wood in a mysterious garden-house behind a brick wall with a "judas" in it. Susan Ertz's house is in a prim cream-colored row just around the corner from where I used to live last year in Ebury street: Miss Ertz herself is not prim, nor even middle-aged, in spite of "Madame Claire," but young and pretty. Everyone has been kind to this American: Clemence Dane gave me the afternoon of the day on which her new play "Granite" had its first performance, and we talked about the young girl of today and what an admirable and dependable creature she is. I have lunched with Radclyffe Hall in just such a restaurant as figures in "Adam's Breed," and when the head waiter addressed her in Italian I felt as if the book had opened and let me in—and if you have, like me, read this novel three times through you know what that means. I have heard the Sitwells read poetry through a megaphone to the accompaniment of a jazz-band, while H. G. Wells cocked his ear to listen, his look one of somewhat baffled sympathy. I have talked with John Galsworthy and Sheila Kaye-Smith, Naomi Royde-Smith and May Sinclair, G. B. Stern and H. W. Nevinson, and caught a moment—at a party—with the audacious Miss King-Hall, who hoaxed the world by "The Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion." She is nineteen and looks sixteen; everything about her, from her curly crop to her adolescent elbows, quivers with glee at her adventure. She lives in an eleventh century castle, and, friends tell me, wrote the book to shock her relatives, in which she has been quite successful.

When these three months are a memory, two experiences will stand out over all the rest. One was when, in the company of the author of "Lolly Willowes," I proved that in June there is no night in the London sky. Sylvia Townsend Warner lives by herself in Bayswater, guarded by a mysterious chow, smoke-black and as silent as all London dogs. My daughter and I had gone with her to spend the evening at the house of her uncle, Arthur Machen, and had walked there along the Regent's Canal, which looked—under the colors of a ten o'clock sunset—so incredibly lovely that I insisted we come back that way and see if it were really there. So at half-past one back we came and there it was, thoughtfully awaiting us under the stars, and we leaned and watched where now and again a fish rose and spread pale rings of light, and spoke quietly of things dear to us—and when we had reached her home and were about to take a cab across to ours we asked ourselves, why break anything so irreplaceable as this night? So we woke up the chow and shelled some dewy green peas that were to have been in tomorrow's dinner, and Miss Warner cooked them with lettuce and we ate them happily with country butter and Devonshire cider, and by that time there was that curious thrill in the air that means a miracle. So we silently put out the light—and just then the lamplighter came running down the road and turned off the street-lamp under the window. Miss Warner was in the broad window-seat, the great black dog watching beside her: she was wearing a black and silver gown, and in the pallid light her face shone silver under her black hair. The sky glowed; a dawn-wind came from hayfields somewhere and a blackbird sang in the garden—yes, he really did—and never will I forget it or remember it without a blessing. Miss Warner is one of the few human beings who can be trusted with a sunrise. And at half-past four, it being now broad day, we called a cab and, still entranced, went home with the cats.

The other experience lasted for several days, long enough to walk, in the company of my daughter, from Rochester to Canterbury along the Pilgrim's Way. This is a prehistoric track, but it was one of those used to reach Becket's shrine, and now that Chaucer's Watling-street road is metalled and swarming with motors, it's the only way for a happy foot-traveller. Taking it as we did, you would lunch at the Bull in Rochester, in the coffee room where Dr. Slammer issued his challenge to Mr. Winkle of the Pickwick Club, take tea in Jasper's gatehouse overlooking the "postern stair," and engage a room at the King's Head—they may give you the one in which Charles II slept. Then after you have gone over the Drood country you would follow the high road as far as the little Stonehenge called Kit's Coty House and then take to the old, old track marked with broken lines on the ordinance map. Sometimes it's wide enough for a wagon, sometimes only a green tunnel through bushes or a foot-path along a beech forest; sometimes it all but fades out in a pasture. It leads by timbered cottages and farms made from the ruins of archbishops' palaces, through aged market-squares, past grey and dreaming churches—until in time you reach Canterbury and by taking it properly on foot, stay for days of delight. My daughter had brought an Oxford World Classics edition of "The Canterbury Tales," and wherever we paused she read it out, with bread and cheese and beer on the benches outside pubs, over the teacups in cottage gardens, and once under a bridge in a rainstorm.

This is why, some day in New York next November, I shall lean back from a deskful of work and listen to a skylark singing in Kent and to my daughter's voice repeating

. . . *And smale fowle maken melody* . . .
. . . *Then longen folk to goon on Pilgrimages* . . .

"Eeny, Meeny, Miny, Mo,
Choosing Books Is Hard, I Know;
That Is Why I Can't Forego
Your Review, I Need It So!"

This rhyme accompanied a charter subscriber's check renewing his subscription for two years. But you don't have to be a poet to "tear off" a good line (see dotted line below).

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The Furies do you brown!
O may you buy
When things are high
And sell when they are down. . . .
O may your nose go red and shine!
O may you catch a chill!
Confound you, Mr. Turpentine,
I wish you very ill!

We don't know why Mr. Herbert feels thus about Mr. Turpentine . . . but we do know that you can read his charming, amusing, graceful, droll, delightful, witty, and quotable verses in the book which English critics unanimously call "the best light verse since *'Bab Ballads.'*"

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The Phoenix Nest

ONE of the books there is most talk about today is, of course, *Will Durant's* "The Story of Philosophy." Durant, who is *not* the automobile manufacturer, has given a biographical sketch of himself to his publishers, from which we quote. It interested us to find out that, among other things, he was: (a) born in North Adams, Massachusetts, in 1885. (b) educated by French Catholic nuns there, later, in 1907 receiving a B.A. from St. Peter's College, Jersey City, a Jesuit institution. (c) that as librarian at Seton Hall College the discovery of Darwin, Spencer, Spinoza, and Anatole France hiding among thousands of tomes of theology, wrought his apostasy. He left the seminary, was cast out of his home, came to New York, and plunged into his second religion—socialism. (d) he toured Europe, took up graduate work at Columbia, taught philosophy there and later lectured on philosophy at Labor Temple, the great community centre at 14th Street and Second Avenue. (e) he became director of Labor Temple School. (f) he has spent eleven years in preparing and three years in writing "The Story of Philosophy." . . .

The double bereavement of modern minds, according to Durant, consists in (1) the losing of one's childhood faith, (2) the loss of one's later faith in redeeming the world by legislation. . . .

Dodd, Mead and Company have completed arrangements with Small, Maynard and Company whereby they take over a large part of the publications of the latter house including such works as the novels of *E. W. Hull*, and *Faith Baldwin*, and the various anthologies of stories and poems issued by them. . . .

A ditty we lately printed, "The Wreck of the Old '97,'" has resulted in two interesting letters, one from Salisbury, N. C., the other from Otsego, Michigan. First, here is the latter:

> There are advantages in being a low-brow. I realized one of them last week when I found several inches of valuable space in the *Nest* preempted by "The Wreck of the Old '97.'" That moving ditty is probably as well-known to the American populace as "Yes, We Have no Bananas," thanks to *Vernon Dalhart* and the Victor Talking Machine Company. Surely all Virginia will rise up against "Minceburg" and "Denval," surely all Carolina will rise up to affirm that it *is* "a mahty rough road from Lynchburg to Danville." In case they do not, a trip to the nearest record shop will repay you.

Well, Carolina did arise, with annotations. As follows: The Minceburg referred to in the first line is revised to "Monroe (Shop terminal of the Southern R. R.), Center should be "Spenter (Railroadese for Spencer terminal in N. C.). The second verse is corrected as our Michigan correspondent suggests, with the further emendation that "And you see what a mess he made" should read "And you see what a jump he made." There is another slight emendation in the third verse, and the second line of the fourth is changed "From this time and evermore" to "From this time now and on," which certainly comes nearer to rhyming. Our North Carolinian adds:

> The ditty quoted is a record of an actual incident, even to the 90 miles an hour which was not an unusual speed for "Ole '97.'" If I am not mistaken the train was a solid mail train—at any rate several mail clerks as well as the engineer and fireman were killed. A small cotton mill beside the track was demolished by the train when it left the rails. The Lynchburg-Danville stretch is still one of considerable hazard, as any one who has ridden it on a fast train will testify.

Though we may seem to be giving too much space to this Ditty Discussion, we admit that we should like to see an anthology of the best railroading ballads. All we know is "Casey Jones," the above, and "The Monon Wreck," by *James Byron Elmore*, the Bard of the Alamo. Perhaps the files of the old *Railroad Man's Magazine*, one of the late Frank A. Munsey's discontinued publications, could yield others. We have a hunch that this branch of American folk-song has not yet been sufficiently delved into. In fact we think we shall explore, and even try our hand at a ballad of some historic railroad wreck ourselves. But of course the best ones are those begotten by local bards at the time of the event. . . .

William McFee, we see, has adopted for the title of one of his lectures, "Literature: Its Cause and Cure." And that is one lecture we should like to hear, particularly the cure part. . . .

The Oxford University Press, American Branch, has recently enlarged its library and reading room where all the publications of The Oxford University Press and the Clarendon Press may be inspected at leisure and without interruption. This is at 35 West 32nd Street. . . .

Winifred M. Letts has written "More Songs from Leinster," which the Duttons will bring out about the middle of September. All those interested in Irish poetry will welcome this news. . . .

Maxwell Bodenheim's new novel to be published by Boni & Liveright is called "Ninth Avenue." In it Bodenheim deals with a girl of the opposite type from the heroine of "Replenishing Jessica." Through the same firm the least sentimental of negro prose-writers now arrives in the person of *Eric Walrond*, who furnishes ten stories in "Tropic Death" that represent a cross-section of tropical negro experience. . . .

St. John Hankin's posthumous "Dramatic Sequels" is a most amusing fooling. It comes from Minton, Balch, with an introduction by *Herbert Farjeon*. There are brief sequels to the "Alcestis," to "Hamlet," to "The School for Scandal," to "Patience," and to "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," among others, and the dramatized version of *Omar Khayyam* which ends the volume is, alone, worth the price of admission. . . .

We are much interested in the news that *Arthur Hopkins* will present on October 4th the native opera "Deep River," by *Franke Harling* and *Laurence Stallings*. Here is to be expected a revolutionary operatic form, a new fusion of drama and music. The scene is New Orleans in the early 19th century, "when French and Creole gentlemen sought their diversion among the slightly tinged debutantes who were introduced each year at the quadroon ball." . . .

In volume III, Number 2, of Progressive Education, published by The Progressive Education Association of Washington, D. C., the creative spirit and its varied manifestations in the children of our schools is interestingly dealt with. *Hughes Mearns* writes the leading article and the number is copiously illustrated by reproductions of children's paintings, drawings, and modellings, some of the examples shown being remarkable in beauty and design. Mr. Mearns is vitally interested in the development of children in the arts, and has accomplished some remarkable things with them at the Lincoln School. He ends his essay with this valuable conclusion:

> . . . but we consider it no particular justification of our work that the "free children" surpass the controlled children not only in an enlarged and gifted personality but in the customary school branches. Superintendent Washburne of the Winnetka Schools has the proof, if any one is interested. We note the fact, to be sure, because of its influence upon parents and upon the powers that control educational organization and administration. We may win our argument by way of the results in the standardized tests—and we do not despise winning our argument—but our main interest lies not there but in the sure knowledge we possess of the effect of our sort of education upon the mind and spirit of youth.

We ourselves are all for this kind of education, for freeing the child through art. Mr. Mearns is at present conducting courses in creative education at New York University. His "Creative Youth" (Doubleday, Page), a book dealing with the school environment for creative writing and the results obtained in it from school children is a volume that should interest all parents. . . .

Winthrop Ames first told *Edna Ferber* about the delights of life on a show-boat floating up and down the Mississippi, and then Miss Ferber went and lived on one for several months. But the showboats of today seat twelve hundred instead of two hundred and fifty and have electric lights and drop curtains instead of candle chandeliers and red calico curtains stretched on a wire. But the little port towns are not so prosperous now as they were in the great days of river traffic. . . .

Ernest Hemingway's first novel, "The Sun Also Rises" is on Scribner's fall list. It sounds interesting. We like his work. And now, off to the old lunch-wagon!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

The original publishers of "Pickwick" are commemorating the centenary of the travels of the Pickwick Club—it was in 1827 that the Pickwickians set forth on their journey—by an illustrated record entitled "Mr. Pickwick's Pilgrimages," by Walter Dexter. The book, which will be ready in the autumn, describes the topography of the tour.

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

ROFESSOR WENDELL'S LAST WORK

THE Harvard University Press will publish in a few weeks "The History of ıe Translation of the Blessed Martyrs of hrist, Marcellinus and Peter." In a prefːe Professor Barrett Wendell tells the ɔry of this English translation:

"When, in the course of preparing my ɔok on the 'Traditions of European Literaıre,' I turned to Eginhard's 'Life of harlemagne,' I chanced, in the Teulet edion of his works (1840-43), on this 'Hisɔry of the Translation of Saints Marcellıus and Peter.' So far as I am aware, the nly reference to it in English is an essay y Huxley, touching on its therapeutic asect. To me it seemed interesting also for s vivid glimpses of life in the ninth cenıry. And Teulet's clear translation came ɔ far from reproducing Eginhard's style,—ure in vocabulary, but very crude in synıx, yet rhythmic,—that I amused myself y attempting this English translation from ıe Latin."

This preface was dated December 4, 1920, wo or three days before Professor Wendell as taken with his last illness. After the eriousness of his illness became known, Ir. Bolton, librarian of the Boston Athæeum, went into his little room at the libary, where he found the completed manuɔript and all the books with which he had vorked. This is without doubt the last iece of writing that this much loved Harard professor did.

The manuscript was placed in the hands ıf Bruce Rogers who has made a handsome ɔctavo of something over a hundred pages, ɔ be printed in a limited edition of 500 ɔopies. This makes a book that every Rogers collector will want to own, and nany friends of Professor Wendell will vant it for his sake.

SEATTLE LINCOLN COLLECTION

THE August number of *The American Collector* contains an article written by Harriet Geithmann describing at length a Lincoln collection owned by Adolph F. Linden, president of the Puget Sound Savings and Loan Association, of Seattle, Washington. This collection is one of the finest of its kind in the Pacific Northwest.

Here are at least twenty signatures of Lincoln in presentation and autographed copies of books once owned by him, or selected for his friends. One of these is the "History of Illinois," by Governor Thomas Ford, published in 1854 and autographed by Lincoln a year later. Among the other books are two volumes entitled "Married Life or Faults on All Sides," written by Miss Howard, published in 1812, and presented by Lincoln to his friend J. Pickett, a Republican editor, April 6, 1859; another is volume one of Bunyan's "Works," presented to the Hon. George Ashmun, who presided over the national convention that nominated Lincoln for the presidency; another volume of outstanding association interest is a copy of Young's "Night Thoughts," presented to Lincoln with the compliments of John Greenleaf Whittier and the Hutchinson Family, and to which he has added his signature. And there are many others of similar association interest.

In addition to the books there are autograph letters, early documents of Lincoln, and books relating to him. It is fortunate that the collecting of Lincolniana began early and was conducted by enthusiasts. It has resulted in the preservation of a great deal of material that otherwise would have been lost.

CARLYLE'S LONDON HOME

THE trustees of the Carlyle House Memorial Trust, in charge of Carlyle's London home at 24 Cheyne Row, have just submitted their annual report. They call special attention to the unsatisfactory financial position with which they are confronted. This is not due to any lack of interest on the part of the public. On the contrary there has been a steady increase in number of visitors. More visitors mean more fees; but they also mean more expenditure; and this, and the great increase since the war of all overhead charges, have resulted in the unpleasant fact that the trust is not paying its way.

The trustees are therefore asking for £2,000. In their appeal they say:

"Over 4,000 persons last year paid their modest fees to see the house, and none of them, we believe, went away disappointed. Will not those who desire some day to see the Chelsea house, from which Carlyle's messages to the world were issued, insure that 24 Cheyne Row shall remain an open shrine? Carlyle's place in the life and literature of the English-speaking race is not shrinking, but growing greater. Every year makes men feel more poignantly his strength of soul, his humanity, his insight, and his power to touch the heart as well as the head. Could there be a better reminder of what Carlyle was and what he accomplished than the present time—an epoch in so many respects like that in which he did his greatest work? It was during the 40's that Carlyle shook the world with his "Chartism," his "Past and Present," and his "Cromwell"—a period of depression, unemployment, restlessness, and anxiety. As we look back we see that he realized far better than most of his contemporaries that the nation was drifting perilously near the rocks. He saw and understood when others were blind and deaf. Could there be a more auspicious moment to prove that the English speaking world is determined to do full honor to his memory?"

Checks should be made payable to the Carlyle's House Endowment Fund, and addressed to the Hon. Secretary at 24, Cheyne Row, Chelsea, S.W. 3.

NOTE AND COMMENT

THE Copy of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" sold as a first edition at Sotheby's in London for $34,000, July 26, has been returned because it was not a first issue. It was quickly sold to another collector, presumably at a lower price.

Houghton Mifflin Company announce for publication this month an edition of George Washington's "Rules of Civility" by Charles Moore. The maxims, taken from Washington's schoolboy copy-books now in the Library of Congress, were first thought to be his own compositions. They have been shown, however, to be the work of French Jesuits at the end of the sixteenth century, and an English translation of them was sufficiently prevalent in Washington's youth to come into his hands.

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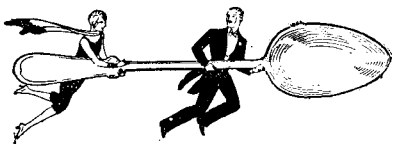

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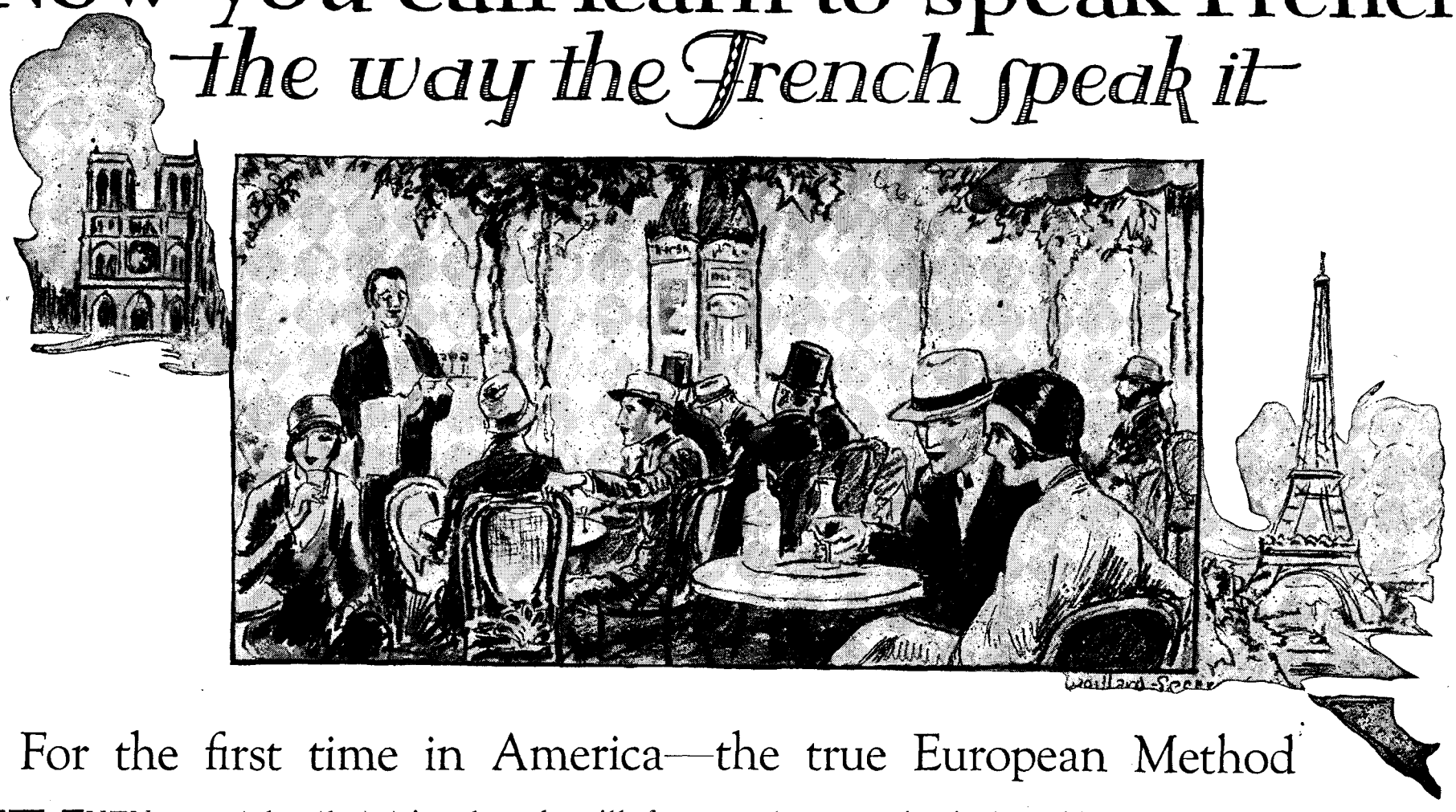

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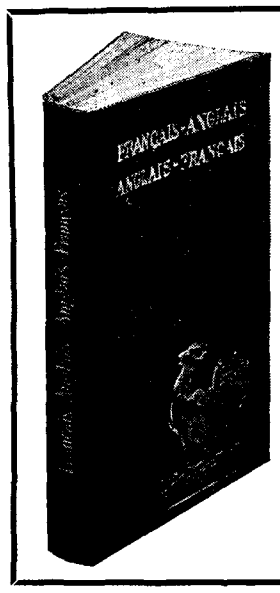

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